

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE; AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Tour in England, Ireland, and France, in the Years 1828 and 1829; with Remarks on the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants, and Anecdotes of distinguished Public Characters. In a Series of Letters. By a German Prince. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1832. E. Wilson.*

AN early, and hardly complete, copy of this work having been forwarded to us, we avail ourselves of it, and a great saving of trouble it is, to call the attention of the English public to that which in its original German had attracted our notice, but could not expect to be very generally known in this country except through a translation such as is now before us.

The name of the author, a Prussian of high rank, will be familiar to all our readers in the upper circles, when we mention Prince Puckler Muskau; and we look with much curiosity towards his third volume, promising a view of the fashionable society in London, in which he so conspicuously mixed. The present portion of his lucubrations relates to a tour in Wales, Ireland, and England; and it is long since we have met with a production of the kind more likely, as we say, to make a noise in the world.

It is interesting to hear what a foreigner of the most cultivated mind and great observation really thinks of us, our habits, and manners; and the prince has, in truth, not been guilty of much concealment of his opinions. On the contrary, he makes some remarks, and tells some stories, which cannot be very palatable to the parties concerned. That he is occasionally mistaken, and has also occasionally been rather hoaxed in the accounts given to him by natives, will appear to every well-informed reader; but we wish we could fairly assert, that our own travellers in foreign parts fall into as few exaggerations and blunders. It will also be seen, that in politics the prince is an ultra-liberal; in religion as established by law, a scoffer, though professing the purest moral sentiments, and the most exalted natural love of the Deity. Accordingly, his pages are tinged, and in instances stained, with opinions which many good men will condemn: but as our journal eschews such questions, leading to rancour and controversy, we shall be content with stating the fact, and leaving the argument. It is more consistent with our plan, and more agreeable to our spirit, to turn to the lively narrative and picturesque descriptions of the author; to his dashes of poetry, romance, and German enthusiasm; and to his characteristic traits of men and women.

The letters begin their date at Cheltenham, in July 1828, and are addressed to a certain "Dear Julia," for whose amusement they were nightly composed, while the impressions of the day were vivid on the memory of the writer. From Cheltenham he went to Wales, visiting the principal attractions of that interesting country, Llangollen, Conway Castle, Caernarvon, Snowdon, Capel Cerig, Beddgelert,

&c. &c. &c., and thence passed to Dublin. From the Welsh trip, swollen and disfigured by the introduction of some inappropriate German criticisms on foreign works, and a bitter burlesque on "the saints" at home and abroad, we shall not offer many extracts; being desirous to illustrate more at length the Irish portion of these travels. The following tale of execution by slate, which the Prince received as gospel at the slate quarries near Bangor, will scarcely be credited by sceptics who never saw slates but on house-roofs, or in the hands of school-boys.

"It was like a subterranean world! Above the blasted walls of slate, smooth as a mirror, and several hundred feet high, scarcely enough of the blue heaven was visible to enable me to distinguish mid-day from twilight. The earth on which we stood was likewise blasted rock; just in the middle was a deep cleft six or eight feet wide. Some children of the workmen were amusing themselves in leaping across this chasm, for the sake of earning a few pence. The perpendicular sides were hung with men, who looked like dark birds, striking the rock with their long picks, and throwing down masses of slate which fell with a sharp and clattering sound. But on a sudden the whole mountain seemed to totter, loud cries of warning re-echoed from various points,—the mine was sprung. A large mass of rock loosened itself slowly and majestically from above, fell down with a mighty plunge, and while dust and splinters darkened the air like smoke, the thunder rang around in wild echoes. These operations, which are of almost daily necessity in one part or other of the quarry, are so dangerous, that, according to the statement of the overseer himself, they calculate on an average of a hundred and fifty men wounded, and seven or eight killed, in a year. An hospital, exclusively devoted to the workmen on this property, receives the wounded; and on my way I had met, without being aware of it, the body of one who had fallen the day before yesterday: 'car c'est comme un champ de bataille.' The people who escorted it were so smartly dressed and so decorated with flowers, that I at first took the procession for a wedding, and was shocked when, in answer to my inquiry for the bridegroom, one of the attendants pointed in silence to the coffin which followed at some distance. The overseer assured me that half these accidents were owing to the indifference of the men, who are too careless to remove in time and to a sufficient distance, though at every explosion they have full warning given them. The slate invariably splits in sharp-edged flakes, so that an inconsiderable piece thrown to a great distance, is often sufficient to cut a man's hand, leg, or even head, clean off. On one occasion, this last, as I was assured, actually happened."

At Caernarvon we have an explanation of the Prince of Wales's motto, usually rendered "I serve."

"The Welsh, in consequence of the oppressions of English governors in the earlier

times of partial and momentary conquest, had declared to the king that they would obey none but a prince of their own nation. Edward therefore sent for his wife Eleanor in the depth of winter, that she might lie-in in Caernarvon castle. She bore a prince; upon which the king summoned the nobles and chiefs of the land, and asked them solemnly whether they would submit to the rule of a prince who was born in Wales, and could not speak a word of English. On their giving a joyful and surprised assent, he presented to them his new-born son, exclaiming in broken Welsh, *Eich dyn! i.e. 'This is your man!'* which has been corrupted into the present motto of the English arms, *Ich dien.*"

Having fixed his head-quarters for a while at Dublin, our traveller explored the surrounding scenes, and then wended his way to Connaught, Galway, Limerick, Killarney, &c. &c., going to many places rarely seen by the English tourist. From his views of these various parts, and their inhabitants, we select our illustrations. Of Dublin, he states:

"I found the park rather empty, but the streets through which I returned full of movement and bustle. The dirt, the poverty, and the ragged clothing of the common people often exceed all belief. Nevertheless, they seem always good-natured, and sometimes have fits of merriment in the open streets which border on madness—whisky is generally at the bottom of this. I saw a half-naked lad dance the national dance in the market-place, so long and with such violent exertion, that at last he fell down senseless amid the cheers of the spectators, totally exhausted, like a Mohammedan dervise. The streets are crowded with beggar-boys, who buzz around one like flies, incessantly offering their services. Notwithstanding their extreme poverty, you may trust implicitly to their honesty; and wretched, lean, and famished as they appear, you see no traces of melancholy on their open, good-natured countenances. They are the best-bred and most contented beggar-boys in the world."

Among the lions was that great lioness, Lady Morgan, on whom the Prince called with a letter of introduction, "and who (he says) had already sent me a polite invitation, which I had not been able to accept. I was very eager to make the acquaintance of a woman whom I rate so highly as an authoress. I found her, however, very different from what I had pictured her to myself. She is a little frivolous, lively woman, apparently between thirty and forty, neither pretty nor ugly, but by no means disposed to resign all claim to the former, and with really fine and expressive eyes. She has no idea of *maitreisse honte* or embarrassment; her manners are not the most refined, and affect the *cisance* and levity of the fashionable world, which, however, do not sit calmly or naturally upon her. She has the English weakness—that of talking incessantly of fashionable acquaintances, and trying to pass for very *escherché*, to a degree quite unworthy of a woman of such distinguished

talents; she is not at all aware how she thus underrates herself. She is not difficult to know; for with more vivacity than good taste, she instantly professes perfect openness, and especially sets forth on every occasion her liberalism and her infidelity—the latter of the somewhat obsolete school of Helvetius and Condillac. In her writings she is far more guarded and dignified than in her conversation. The satire of the latter is, however, not less biting and dexterous than that of her pen, and just as little remarkable for a conscientious regard to truth. You may think that with all these elements two hours flew rapidly away. I had enthusiasm enough to be able to utter some *à propos* which pleased her, and she treated me with marked attention; first, because I happen to have a distinguished title; and, secondly, because she had seen my name as dancing at Almacks', and as present at several *fêtes* of the great leaders of ton—a circumstance which appeared so important in her eyes, that she repeatedly recurred to it."

As we happen to be upon personals, we may as well skip a half volume, and give the author's account of a visit to O'Connell, whose castle he reached after a ride from Kenmare, which amply justified his quotation from Crofton Croker, that "no land is better than the coast of Inveragh to be drowned in the sea; or, if you like that better, to break your neck on shore." His graphic detail of his perils is very amusing; but we hasten to their end at Derrinane, when "At length,—at length a bright light broke through the darkness; the road grew more even; here and there a bit of hedge was visible; and in a few minutes we stopped at the gate of an ancient building standing on the rocky shore, from the windows of which a friendly golden radiance streamed through the night. The tower-clock was striking eleven, and I was, I confess, somewhat anxious as to my dinner; especially as I saw no living being, except a man in a dressing-gown at an upper window. Soon, however, I heard sounds in the house; a handsomely dressed servant appeared, bearing silver candlesticks, and opened the door of a room, in which I saw with astonishment a company of from fifteen to twenty persons sitting at a long table, on which were placed wine and dessert. A tall handsome man, of cheerful and agreeable aspect, rose to receive me, apologised for having given me up in consequence of the lateness of the hour, regretted that I had made such a journey in such terrible weather, presented me in a cursory manner to his family, who formed the majority of the company, and then conducted me to my bed-room. This was the great O'Connell. On my return to the dining-room I found the greater part of the company there assembled. I was most hospitably entertained; and it would be ungrateful not to make honourable mention of Mr. O'Connell's old and capital wine. As soon as the ladies had quitted us, he drew his seat near me, and Ireland was of course the subject of our conversation. He asked me if I had yet seen many of the curiosities of Ireland? whether I had been at the Giant's Causeway? 'No,' replied I, laughing; 'before I visit the Giant's Causeway, I wished to see Ireland's Giants;' and therewith drank a glass of claret to his high undertakings. Daniel O'Connell is indeed no common man,—though the man of the commonality. His power is so great, that at this moment it only depends on him to raise the standard of rebellion from one end of the island to the other. He is, however, too sharp-sighted, and much too sure of attaining his end by safer

means, to wish to bring on any such crisis. He has certainly shewn great decision in availing himself of the temper of the country at this moment, legally, openly, and in the face of the government, to acquire a power scarcely inferior to that of the sovereign; indeed, though without arms or armies, in some instances far surpassing it:—for how would it have been possible for his Majesty George IV. to withhold 40,000 of his faithful Irishmen for three days from whisky-drinking? which O'Connell actually accomplished in the memorable Clare election. The enthusiasm of the people rose to such a height, that they themselves decreed and inflicted a punishment for drunkenness. The delinquent was thrown into a certain part of the river, and held there for two hours, during which time he was made to undergo frequent submersions. The next day I had fuller opportunity of observing O'Connell. On the whole, he exceeded my expectations. His exterior is attractive; and the expression of intelligent good nature, united with determination and prudence, which marks his countenance, is extremely winning. He has, perhaps, more of persuasiveness than of genuine, large, and lofty eloquence; and one frequently perceives too much design and manner in his words. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to follow his powerful arguments with interest, to view the martial dignity of his carriage without pleasure, or to refrain from laughing at his wit. It is very certain that he looks much more like a general of Napoleon's than a Dublin advocate. This resemblance is rendered much more striking by the perfection with which he speaks French,—having been educated at the Jesuits' Colleges at Douai and St. Omer. His family is old, and was probably one of the great families of the land. His friends, indeed, maintain that he springs from the ancient kings of Kerry,—an opinion which no doubt adds to the reverence with which he is regarded by the people. He himself told me, —and not without a certain *pretension*,—that one of his cousins was Comte O'Connell, and 'cordon rouge' in France, and another a baron, general, and chamberlain to the Emperor of Austria; but that he was the head of the family. It appeared to me that he was regarded by the other members of it with almost religious enthusiasm. He is about fifty years old, and in excellent preservation, though his youth was rather wild and riotous. Among other things he became notorious, about ten years ago, for a duel he fought. The Protestants, to whom his talents early made him formidable, set on a certain Desterre,—a bully and fighter by profession,—to ride through all the streets of Dublin with a hunting-whip, which, as he declared, he intended to lay on the shoulders of the king of Kerry. The natural consequence was a meeting the next morning, in which O'Connell lodged a bullet in Desterre's heart; Desterre's shot went through his hat. This was his first victory over the Orangemen, which has been followed by so many more important, and it is to be hoped, will be followed by others more important still. His desire for celebrity seemed to me boundless; and if he should succeed in obtaining emancipation, of which I have no doubt, his career, so far from being closed, will, I think, only then properly begin. But the evils of Ireland, and of the constitution of Great Britain generally, lie too deep to be removed by emancipation. To return to O'Connell; I must mention, that he has received from Nature an invaluable gift for a party-leader; a magnificent voice, united to good lungs and a

strong constitution. His understanding is sharp and quick, and his acquirements out of his profession not inconsiderable. With all this, his manners are, as I have said, winning and popular: although, as that of the actor is perceptible in them, they do not conceal his very high opinion of himself, and are occasionally tinged by what an Englishman would call 'vulgarity.' Where is there a man so entirely without shade?—Another interesting man, the real though not ostensible head of the Catholics, was present, Father L'Estrange, a friar, and O'Connell's confessor. He may be regarded as the real founder of that Catholic Association so often derided in England, but which, by merely negative powers, by dexterous activity in secret, and by universally organising and training the people to one determinate end, attained a power over them as boundless as that of the hierarchy in the middle ages; with this difference, that the former strove for light and liberty, the latter for darkness and slavery. This is another outbreak of that second great revolution, which, solely by intellectual means, without any admixture of physical force, is advancing to its accomplishment, and whose simple but restless weapons are public discussion and the press. L'Estrange is a man of philosophical mind and unalterable calmness. His manners are those of an accomplished gentleman, who has traversed Europe in various capacities, has a thorough knowledge of mankind, and, with all his mildness, cannot always conceal the sharp traces of great astuteness. I should call him the ideal of a well-intentioned Jesuit. As O'Connell was busy, I took an early walk with the friar to a desert island, to which we crossed dry-footed over the smooth sand now left by the ebb. Here stand the genuine ruins of Derrinane Abbey, to which O'Connell's house is only an appendix. It is to be repaired by the family, probably when some of their hopes are fulfilled. On our return we found O'Connell on the terrace of his castle, like a chieftain surrounded by his vassals, and by groups of the neighbouring peasantry, who came to receive his instructions, or to whom he laid down the law. This he can the more easily do, being a lawyer; but nobody would dare to appeal from his decisions: O'Connell and the Pope are here equally infallible. Law-suits therefore do not exist within his empire; and this extends not only over his own tenantry, but, I believe, over the whole neighbourhood. I wondered, when I afterwards found both O'Connell and L'Estrange entirely free from religious bigotry, and even remarked in them very tolerant and philosophical views, though they persisted in choosing to continue true Catholics. I wished I had been able to conjure hither some of those furious imbeciles among the English Protestants,—as for instance Mr. L——, who cry out at the Catholics as irrational and bigoted; while they themselves alone, in the true sense of the word, cling to the fanatical faith of their politico-religious party, and are firmly predetermined to keep their long ears for ever closed to reason and humanity."

From Derrinane, with the owner of which he so well agreed in sentiment, the prince returned to Kenmare: thence he made an excursion "to Hungry Hill (he tells), a lofty mountain at the end of Bantry Bay, remarkable for its waterfall, and for Thomas O'Rourke's flight to the moon on an eagle's back, which began here, and has so often been related in prose and verse. Even in Germany this amusing tale has been repeatedly translated, and has probably fallen into your hands. The hero of the

story is a gamekeeper of Lord B——'s, who is still alive, and almost always drunk. On our return, Colonel W—— introduced him to me at the inn. He is now extremely proud of his celebrity, and seemed to me when I saw him to be projecting another visit to the moon."

This is one of the whimsical Irish appropriations of a fiction to some living individual. Little could Croker dream, when he invented Terence O'Rourke's dream, that it would have its exact truth thus corroborated!

One other extract must now conclude this our first notice of a very striking and amusing work.

*Donnabrook Fair*.—"I rode out again to-day for the first time to see the fair at Donnabrook, near Dublin, which is a kind of popular festival. Nothing, indeed, can be more national. The poverty, the dirt, and the wild tumult, were as great as the glee and merriment with which the cheapest pleasures were enjoyed. I saw things eaten and drunk with delight which forced me to turn my head quickly away to remain master of my disgust. Heat and dust, crowd and stench (*il faut le dire*), made it impossible to stay long; but these do not annoy the natives. There were many hundred tents, all ragged like the people, and adorned with tawdry rags instead of flags: many contented themselves with a cross on a hoop—one had hoisted a dead and half-putrid cat as a sign! The lowest sort of rope-dancers and posture-masters exercised their toilsome vocation on stages of planks, and dressed in shabby finery, dancing and grimacing in the dreadful heat till they were completely exhausted. A third part of the public lay, or rather rolled about, drunk; others ate, screamed, shouted, and fought. The women rode about, sitting two and three upon an ass, pushed their way through the crowd, smoked with great delight, and coquetted with their sweethearts. The most ridiculous group was one which I should have thought indigenous only to Rio de la Plata. Two beggars were seated on a horse, who, by his wretched plight, seemed to supplicate for them; they had no saddle, and a piece of twine served as reins. As I left the fair, a pair of lovers, excessively drunk, took the same road. It was a rich treat to watch their behaviour. Both were horribly ugly, but treated each other with the greatest tenderness and the most delicate attention. The lover especially displayed a sort of chivalrous politeness. Nothing could be more gallant, and at the same time more respectful, than his repeated efforts to preserve his fair one from falling, although he had no little difficulty in keeping his own balance. From his ingratiating demeanour and her delighted smiles, I could also perceive that he was using every endeavour to entertain her agreeably; and that her answers, notwithstanding her *exalté* state, were given with a coquetry and an air of affectionate intimacy which would have been exquisitely becoming and attractive in a pretty woman. My reverence for truth compels me to add, that not the slightest trace of English brutality was to be perceived: they were more like French people, though their gaiety was mingled with more humour and more genuine good-nature; both of which are national traits of the Irish, and are always doubled by potheen (the best sort of whisky illicitly distilled). Don't reproach me for the vulgarity of the pictures I send you: they are more akin to nature than the painted dolls of our salons."

We conclude, for the present; adding, that the translator has acquitted himself most ably, both in rendering his original, in omitting

common-places, and in supplying notes where needed.\*

*The Romance of History—Italy*. By Charles Macfarlane. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1832. Bull.

THE Romance of Italian History—what a world of adventure and imagination are in that single phrase! Venice, with her brides, the lost and the recovered in one single day; captive queens but stepping from a prison to a throne; pilgrims, knights, with all their picturesque associations;—these are the rich materials which Mr. Macfarlane has most judiciously worked up into spirited and interesting narrative. The manners and events of the time are thus brought forward in their most attractive shape; and the youthful reader will have imbibed, almost unconsciously, a clear idea of the time, and a great body of historical information, while carried on by some pleasant story. The following scene is like a rich arabesque.

*The Festival of St. John the Baptist*.—

"The Vatican itself could hardly have offered a more splendid hierarchical display than that which met the eye when the doors of the temple were thrown open, and the shrine of Saint John, decorated with gold and silver and precious stones, and flanked by two long lines of monks with shaven crowns and robes picturesquely simple, and of priests in costly stoles, was opened to the thronging worshippers. The incense breathed as sweetly, the tapers and the torches of virgin wax shed as brilliant a light, as if the successor of Saint Peter himself had presided at the festival. Moreover, the Lombards had adopted in their churches the inestimable gift of dignity and beauty which St. Gregory had bestowed on the ecclesiastical service in his sublime 'Canto fermo'; and whatever may have been the degree of spiritual unction, the mass and the hymns to the saint were just as well sung at Monza as they could have been at Rome. In ancient days, as in modern, under the Christian creed as under the pagan, it seems to have been the practice, more particularly in the glowing, exhilarating climes of Italy and Greece, to mix festivity and diversion with worship and prayer, and that the spiritual exercises of the morning should be followed by the recreations of the body, and by feasting and dancing, singing and drinking. Even as we now see it in the 'Giorni di festa' at Rome or Naples, did it befall at Monza; for as soon as the splendid ceremonies of the church were over, the scene without assumed all the characters of a country fair and a scene of general rejoicing. Nor was it an unpleasant sight to see the collected thousands scattered on the verdant hills, or laid under the shade of trees, or by the gushing fountains whose cool waves might mitigate the force of the wines of Lombardy and Piedmont; nor was it at all ungrateful to the ear to catch the distant roar of mingled voices speaking various tongues, and the long, loud laugh, and the festive chorus, and the sounds of such musical instruments as barbarians and Italians could collect and play."

\* Since writing the foregoing, we have seen the preface to the work, which shews us that the German edition had been reviewed by a no less celebrated critic than Goethe. We are flattered by finding that his opinions coincide so closely with our own respecting it; and we quote one striking passage from his remarks. "The peculiarities of English manners and habits are drawn vividly and distinctly, and without exaggeration. We acquire a lively idea of that wonderful combination, that luxuriant growth,—of that insular life which is based in boundless wealth and civil freedom, in universal monotony and manifold diversity; formal and capricious, active and torpid, energetic and dull, comfortable and tedious, the envy and the derision of the world."

"The back part of their heads was shaved, and in front their thick, matted hair, divided over the forehead, fell down on each side of the face as low as the line of the mouth, over which, as well as across the eyes, motion or the wind would frequently throw it, and shaggy beards of enormous length, from which they are supposed to have derived their name of Longobardi, completed their hirsute appearance. Their dress consisted of loose linen garments, much after the fashion of our Anglo-Saxons, and they were rather gaudily than tastefully ornamented with broad stripes of variegated colours—red, yellow, purple, blue, and green, sewn on transversely. In Italy they had found silks, and silks worked by eastern looms, and dyed with the brilliant dyes of the East, which added considerably to the splendour of their appearance. Their legs were encased in long hose which reached to the ankle, and they wore open sandals on their otherwise naked feet; but many of the courtiers had adopted from the Italians the use of *stivalletti*, or long gaiters made of woollen cloth of a bright red or scarlet colour. The *gasindj*, or domestic and military attendants, had placed against the wall, behind each chieftain, his *asta*, or lance; and, even at the festive board of their sovereign, their heavy swords were heard to rattle, and their iron baskets and their hilts were seen at times to protrude above the level of the table."

The Wandering King is an eventful history of those troubled times: its hero, however, escapes all his manifold dangers, and finally ascends the throne of his ancestors.

"Seven years after this happy restoration, the following facts occurred, which are too interesting and honourable to the Lombard king to be passed over in silence. A certain Wilfred, bishop of York, driven from his home by some intrigue among the Anglo-Saxons, reached the dominions of Bertarid on his way to Rome. Whilst there, messengers arrived from England, offering immense sums to the king if he would throw the bishop into prison, and prevent his going to Rome. The exiled ecclesiastic appeared at the palace, and was informed by the king of the answer he had given his enemies. 'In my younger days I also was driven from my country. I went a hapless wanderer, and sought and found refuge from a certain king of the Huns, and of the sect of the pagans, who, with an oath to his false god, pledged himself never to give me into the hands of mine enemies, nor to betray me. After some time the ambassadors of mine enemies came and promised with an oath to the same king, to give him a bushel full of gold coins if he would place me in their power, that they might kill me. To which the king answered, 'I would expect death from the gods if I committed this iniquity, and trampled on the vow made to my divinities.' Now, how much the more I, who know and adore the true God, ought to be far from such a crime? I would not give my soul to gain the whole world!'"

Mr. Macfarlane says, in his preface, "some few of the tales were written at Naples, in the scenes of the events; and, generally, I have taken my descriptions from notes made during my travels; seldom attempting to describe what I have not seen, or indeed what was not familiar to me from long residences or repeated visits. A little enthusiasm will probably be excused in one, who, considering the present length of his life, has passed a good portion of it in that beautiful country, with little else to do but to see and to admire."



We have quoted this passage to shew the advantages our author has possessed, and also to add, that he deserved them: to knowledge and romantic incident he has brought industry and talent; and the Romance of the History of Italy merits well of public favour.

*The Village Patriarch.* 12mo. pp. 198. Corn-Law Rhymes. 3d edition. 12mo. pp. 115. London, 1831. Steill.

THERE is a great deal of talent that we admire, a great deal of bad taste that we disapprove, and some bad feeling, for which we can make allowances rather than excuses, in these little volumes. The writer before us is evidently a disappointed, and therefore a discontented, man: we are too well acquainted with the hardships and anxieties of a literary career, not to know how they irritate the feelings and sour the temper: add to this, political excitement,—and we marvel at no expression, however violent, we were going to have said ferocious. The author of the *Village Patriarch* is a person of no ordinary stamp; and it must have been grievous, indeed, to such a mind to be constantly putting forth efforts that were unappreciated, and making exertions that met not with their reward. An article in the *New Monthly Magazine* of last April, written in the best spirit of criticism—that of candid and liberal encouragement—first directed public attention to one of the writer's poems: the tone in which this is acknowledged is singularly characteristic of the angry and prejudiced man—"What! in the land of castes and cant, take a poor self-educated man by the hand, and declare to the world that his book is worth reading!" Again, in another place, he speaks of "the absurdity of supposing any of them will notice 'a poor man's book.'" Now, this is exceedingly untrue. That literature is a great lottery, no one who knows any thing of it will deny; but that the mere fact of "the author's being a poor man" would prevent praise being awarded, is in the face of all experience; on the contrary, an adventurous interest has always been felt in the works of what are called "uneducated poets;" and, as far as critics are concerned, the writer may rely upon it, they take an interest in the merit they discover. Of our author's politics we shall only say, he is as prejudiced as passion always is; and that, let an existing abuse be what it will, coarse and virulent language will go but a little way as a remedy. We must also add, that the whole tendency of these works is mischievous. It is the fashion of the present day to rail at "all powers that be;" to fancy that any change must be for the better; and to lay the fault of whatever ills are being endured on the existing government—utterly forgetful of that old truth, though not the less true for being old—

"How small, of all that human hearts endure,  
The part that laws or kings can cause or cure!"

The worst of inflammatory writings like the present is, that they give an imaginary point of relief to actual sufferings: for example, though this is no place to decide on the good or evil effects of the corn-laws, still it stands to reason, that it is quite ridiculous to throw upon them the blame of all existing misery: if they were repealed to-morrow, that man is a fool or a knave who would tell the starving poor that there would at once be an end to their wretchedness. Moreover, it is equally irritating and delusive to be eloquent on the much happier condition of our grandfathers! When did this state of prosperity ever exist? We find sorrow, discontent, and poverty, in every period

and every record of human history. The mania for change, the reference of all grievances to a political cause, are reigning and dangerous fashions of the present day. There is no belief into which people may not and do not talk themselves; and our countrymen are doing all they can to persuade themselves and their neighbours that they are the most miserable, the most ill-used, and the most oppressed people in the world. It were far better to weigh a little more our advantages against our disadvantages; and instead of comparing our position with some theory of unattainable perfection, just contrast it with the actual condition of three fourths of the inhabited globe. But no: it is all discontent, and no thankfulness; and such a work as the one now before us, taking some individual hardship as the rule, not the exception—dealing out exciting and violent abuse on all that have the outward seeming of worldly prosperity—and accusing ministers and laws as sole causes of every human misfortune,—such a work as the present is, we do repeat, bad in spirit, and pernicious in tendency. We now turn to the volume itself.

The poet thus describes his hero—"The *Village Patriarch* is a sort of history, in verse, of a blind old whig or jacobin, who ought to have been sent to the treadmill. He was, it seems, a bricklayer; and he died of free-trade and the corn-law, at the tender age of a hundred years. Of course, he was buried at the expense of the parish, as whigs and radicals generally are." Inflammatory falsehood enough in one phrase.

Again:

"The unhappy people of the United States cannot bear to read Crabbe. They think him unnatural, and he is so to them; for in their wretched country cottagers are not paupers, young men are not compelled to marry or become preachers, marriage is not synonymous with misery, and partridge-shooting is not religion to the elect. But I write for Englishmen; and every true Briton, or anti-Huskissonian, ought to buy my goods."

The poet peeps through the patriot, after all. America is the Utopia of our pseudo-politicians—all its advantages, of course, referred to its republican form of government—utterly forgetful of these simple facts; first, that the great advantage which America possesses is, that it is a fertile country thinly peopled—a blessing which would be somewhat diminished if the population of England, Ireland, and Scotland, could suddenly be transported to that favoured soil; and, secondly, that the majority of the backwood settlers endure privations and go through hardships which would startle half the indwellers of our town or country.

Now to the poetry: the first passage we quote is the only specimen we intend giving of our author's peculiar faults; indeed, it embodies them all—viz. ludicrous expressions, unfair conclusions, and violence. Enoch is walking through the town—

"Thou meanest thing that Heav'n endures and spares—  
Thou upstart dandy, with the cheek of lead!  
How dar'st thou from the wall push those gray hairs?  
Dwarf, if he lift a finger, thou art dead!  
His thumb could fling off thy worthless head;  
His foot, uplifted, spurn thee o'er the moon.  
'Some natural tears he drops, but wipes them soon,'  
And thinks how changed his country and his kind  
Since he, in England's and in manhood's noon,  
Toil'd lightly and earn'd much."

Beadle! how canst thou smite with speech severe,  
One who was revered long ere thou wast born?  
No homeless, soulless beggar meets thee here,  
Although that threadbare coat is patch'd and torn:  
His bursting heart repels thy taunt with scorn,

But deems thee human, for thy voice is man's.  
You, too, proud dame, whose eye so keenly scans  
The king's blind subject on the king's high road;  
You, who much wonder, that, with all our plans  
To starve the poor, they still should crawl abroad."

First, the absurdity of being kicked over the moon; secondly, when did "England's noon" exist? thirdly, the allusion to the beadle and to the lady—as if a positive wish was felt, and a positive plan existed, "to starve the poor." God knows, people are fearfully regardless one of the other; and it cannot be too often or too forcibly impressed on the rich, the awful responsibility they are under to their Maker, of what account they shall render of the poor "committed to their charge." The rich man who sees want which he can and does not relieve, has been guilty of a positive sin, for which a terrible reckoning will be exacted.—We now turn to what is, whatever authors may think, far the pleasanter part of our task—that of selecting merits. If a fine feeling for natural beauty, an exquisite power of investing those feelings in words, a vein of generous sympathy, and that indefinable music in language which has a sweetness "more than rhyme,"—if these can constitute a poet, the author of the *Village Patriarch* is one in the best and purest acceptance of the word. We proceed to a series of extracts.

A winter landscape.

"Through fiery haze broad glares the angry sun;  
The traveller's road returns an iron sound,  
Rings in the frosty air the murderous gun;  
The fieldfare dies; and heavy to the ground,  
Shot in weak flight, the partridge falls, his wound  
Purpling with scatter'd drops the crust'd snow."

The widows.

"But, mourning better days, the widow here  
Still tries to make her little garden bloom—  
For she was country born. No weeds appear  
Where her poor pinks deplore their prison-tomb:  
To them, alas! no second spring shall come!  
And there, in May, the lilac gushes for breath,  
And mint and thyme seem faint their woe to speak—  
Like saddest portraits, painted after death;  
And spinning wallflowers, in the choking reek,  
For life, for life, uplift their branches weak.  
Pale, dwindled lad, that on her slat'd shop  
Set'st moss and groundsel from the frosty lea!  
O'er them no more the thy wren shall hop:  
Poor plants! poor child! I pity them and thee;  
Yet blame I not wise Mercy's high decree:  
They fade, thou diest—but thou to live again,  
To bloom in heav'n. And will thy flowers be there?  
Heav'n without them would smile for thee in vain.  
Thither, poor boy, the primrose shall repair—  
There violet breathes of England's dery air,  
And daisies speak of her, that dearest one,  
Who then shall bend above thy early bier,  
Mourning her feeble boy for ever gone,  
Yet long to clasp his dust for ever here!  
No, no, it shall not want or flower or tear!  
In thy worn hand her sorrow will not fall  
To place the winter rose, or wind-flower meek;  
Then kiss thy marble smile, thy forehead pale,  
But not the icy darkness from thy cheek;  
Then gaze—then press her heart, that yet shall break,  
And feebly sob, 'My child! we part, to meet.'"

We have read nothing more touching than the above picture. A ruined cottage is also beautiful.

"Neglect long since divorced the jasmine pale  
That clasp'd the casement; and the sorrowing gale  
Sighs o'er the plot where erst thy choice flowers  
bloom'd."

Ah! when the cottage garden runs to waste,  
Full oft the rank weed tells of hopes entomb'd."

With one exception, how fine is the following!—

"Recall  
The deeds of other days, and from the urn  
Of things which were, shake words that breathe and burn.  
O'er the dark mantle of the night are shed  
Sparks of the sun, in starry spangles proud:  
In show'ry spring, when morn his radiant head  
Veils, the rich broom, with glittering diamonds bow'd,  
Is sunny light beneath the sunless cloud."

There is a meanness in a term of artificial ornament as applied to the glorious sky: "starry spangles" is fitter description for a bugle-trimming than for "the poetry of heaven."



## The Sabbath.

"But, hark! the chimes of morning die away!  
Hark!—to the heart the solemn sweetness steals,  
Like the heart's voice, unfeigned by none who feels  
That God is love, that man is living dust;  
Unfeigned by none whom ties of brotherhood  
Link to his kind; by none who puts his trust  
In nought of earth that hath survived the flood,  
Save those mute charities, by which the good  
Strengthen poor worms, and serve their Maker best."  
— Fine portrait of a peasant, allowing for the  
exaggerated beginning:

Of brutes who bite him while he feeds them, still  
He feels his intellectual dignity.  
Works hard, reads usefully, with no mean skill  
Writes, and can reason well of good and ill.  
He hoards his weekly groat: his tear is shed  
For sorrows which his hard-worn hand relieves.  
Too poor, too proud, too just, too wise to wed,  
(For slaves enough already toll for thieves.)  
How gratefully his growing mind receives  
The food which tyrants struggle to withhold!  
Though hourly ill his every sense invade,  
Beneath the cloud that o'er his home is roll'd,  
He yet respects the power which man hath made,  
Nor loathes the despot-humbling sons of trade.  
But when the silent Sabbath-day arrives,  
He seeks the cottage, bordering on the moor,  
Where his forefathers pass'd their lowly lives,  
Where still his mother dwells, content, though poor,  
And ever glad to meet him at the door.  
Oh, with what rapture he prepares to fly  
From streets and courts with crime and sorrow strew'd,  
And bids the mountain lift him to the sky!  
How proud, to feel his heart not all subdued!  
How happy, to shake hands with solitude!  
Still, Nature! still he loves thy uplands brown,  
The rock that o'er his father's threshold towers,  
And strangers, hurrying through the dingy town,  
May know his workshop by its sweet wild flowers.  
Cropp'd on the Sabbath, from the hedge-side bowers,  
The Hawthorn blossom in his window droops:  
Far from the heaving steam and lucid air  
The pallid alpine rose to meet him steep,  
As if to soothe a brother in despair.  
Exil'd from Nature and her pictures fair,  
E'en winter sends a posy to his jail,  
Wreath'd of the sunny celandine—the brief  
Courageous wind-flower, loveliest of the frail—  
The haisel's crimson star—the spoorbine's leaf—  
The daisy, with its half-sold eye of grief—  
Prophets of fragrance, beauty, joy, and song."

The next passage is very characteristic of the writer.

"O that my poetry were like the child  
That gathers daisies from the lap of May,  
With prattle sweeter than the bloomy wild!  
It then might teach poor wisdom to be gay  
As flowers, and birds, and rivers, all at play.  
And winds, that make the voiceless clouds of morn  
Harmonious. But distemper'd, if not mad,  
I feed on nature's bane, and mess with scorn.  
I would not, could not, if I would, be glad,  
But, like shade-loving plants, am happiest sad.  
My heart, once soft, woman's tear, is guard'd  
With gloating on the ill I cannot cure."

## Fine image.

"In those fearful days  
When, tempest-driv'n, and toss'd on troubled seas,  
Thought, like the petrel, loved the whirlwind best,  
And o'er the waves, and through the foam, with ease,  
Rose up into the black cloud's thunderous breast,  
To rouse the lightning from his gloomy rest."

## Spring landscape.

"Flowers peep, trees bud, boughs tremble, rivers run;  
The roiling saith, it is a glorious morn.  
Blue are thy heavens, thou Highest! and thy sun  
Shines without cloud, all fire. How sweetly, borne  
On wings of morning o'er the leafless thorn,  
The tiny wren's small twitter warbles near;  
How swiftly flashes in the stream the trout!  
Woodbine! our father's ever watchful ear  
Knows, by thy rustle, that thy leaves are out.  
The trailing bramble hath not yet a sprout;  
Yet harshly to the wind the wanton prates,  
Not with thy smooth lip, woodbine of the fields!  
Thou, future treasure of the bee, that waits  
Gladly on thee, Spring's harbinger, when yields  
All-bounteous earth her odorous flowers, and builds  
The nightingale, in beauty's fairest land."

## We contrast this with a scene in winter.

"How wild, how wondrous, and how changed the scene  
Since yesterday! On hill and valley bright  
Then look'd broad heav'n all splendid and serene,  
And earth and sky were beauty, music, light.  
But now the storm-cock thunders the peevish white,  
With start impatient, from his shivering wings,  
And, on the maple's loaded bough depress'd,  
Perch'd o'er the buried daisy, sweetly sings,  
With modulated throat and speckled breast,  
To cheer the hen-bird, drooping in the nest  
On dusky eggs with many a dot and streak."

Love of the celandine, and primrose meek,  
Star of the leafless hawthorn, where art thou?  
Where is the wind-flower, with its modest cheek?  
Larch! hast thou dash'd from thy denuded brow  
Blossoms that stole their rose-hues from the glow  
Of even, blushing into dreams of love?  
Flowers of the wintry beam and faithless sky!  
Gems of the wither'd bank and shadeless grove!  
Ye are where he who mourns you soon must lie;  
Beneath the shroud ye slumber—tranquilly,  
But not for ever. Yet a sudden hour  
Shall thaw the spotless mantle of your sleep,  
And bid it, melted into thunder, pour  
From mountain, waste, and fell, with foamy sweep,  
Whelming the flooded plain in ruin deep.  
Yes, little silent minstrels of the wild,  
Your voiceless song shall touch the heart again!  
And shall no morning dawn on Sorrow's child?  
Shall buried mind for ever mute remain  
Beneath the sod, from which your beautiful strain  
Shall yet arise in music, felt, not heard?  
No! faith, hope, love, fear, gladness, frailty, all  
Forbid that man should perish. Like the bird  
That soars and sings in Nature's festival,  
Our souls shall rise, and fear no second fall;  
Our adoration strike a lyre divine."

The annexed, though brief, merit high distinction. Fine line.

"Born to die young, he fears no man nor death."  
Equally fine touch of personal allusion.

"Decision, like a ready sword undrawn,  
Reposed, but slept not."

Description of a supernatural sea.

"No winds urged on the billowy, living roll,  
But whirlwind dwell within it, like a soul."

## Parting.

"The meanest thing to which we bid adieu,  
Loses its meanness in the parting hour."  
When long neglected, worth seems born anew:  
The heart that scorns earth's pagantry and power,  
May melt in tears, or break, to quit a flower."

## Anticipation of death.

"And o'er his heart the long grass of the grave  
Already trembles!"

## A church.

"Thou antique fane, that in thy solemn suit  
Of carved flowers, and stone-embroidery grand,  
(Old, yet unshaken—eloquent, though mute,  
Towers, like the sculptur'd guardian of the land;  
Thy reverend looks what bosom can withstand,  
And feel nor throb like love, nor chill like fear,  
Nor glow like adoration? The leaves fall  
Around thee—none fall with them; both are here:  
While thou alike view'st bridal rove and pall,  
Sovereign of marriage and of funeral:  
Witness of ages, and memorial hour  
Of generations to eternity  
Gone, like the hour that can return no more."

## Touching epitaph.

"Here rests a stranger: she had once a name;  
Weep for the gentle dust that died of shame."

## Fine idea of a blind person.

"The beam of beauty left his cheerful eyes,  
To glow more deeply, brightly, in his heart."

These beautiful passages, beautiful in feeling as in their expression, are quite out of keeping with many of their companions, with coarse and absurd imagery and political virulence: for example, where he talks of

"Minion'd Erin's sty'd and root-fet clown;"

or where it is said the snake moves

"Uncoil'd o'er cranshy roots and fern-stalks dry,  
He thinks he sees thee, colour'd like the stone,  
With cruel and atrocious Tory eye;"

or rant like the following:—

"Sworn anti-catholic, and tried true-blue;  
Champion of game-laws and the trade in slaves;  
Mouth of the bread-tax; purchased tongue of knaves."

"Clerk! thief! contractor! boroughmonger! peer!  
His mercy would be cruelty in hell;  
His actions say to God, 'Submit to me!'  
Dey of Starvation, dark and terrible!  
Men's purses may submit to thy decree;  
But why should conscience have no god but thee,  
Thou charioted blasphemous! Hence, away  
To Spain, or Naples, with thy loathsome crew!  
Why stay'st thou here, to fuddle tax'd to-day?  
Go, be the Inquisition's holiest goul,  
And gorge with blood thy sulky paunch of soul!"

Or in the churchyard:—

"Here lies a rogue, whose crime was poverty!  
And just Sir Cornlaw sleeps in marble near  
Bones of the treadmill slave! what do ye here?"

Or smiles like this:—

"She brown'd, she furr'd, like eggs with bacon fried;"  
or, "Then boys, all glad, as bottled wasps let loose."

Enoch Wray has a dream, the conception of which is fine; but we cannot see what right any poet has to deal in this wholesale damnation. The following is execrable; particularly as it is impossible not to identify the minister so ferociously consigned to this poetical hell.

"Then sprang they on him, and his muscles rent  
With cramping teeth; and still their hate increased  
As fast it fed, and joyful sounds forth sent;  
Yet from the rapturous banquet oft they ceased,  
Exclaiming, in the pauses of the feast,  
Ice-hearted dog! when fell the crimson dew  
At Westford, there we died! in dungeons we!  
We of slow famine: we at Peterloo!"

Of course our author takes poachers under his especial care; yet the unfortunate

"Who kill'd the harmless hare that ate his kale:  
Atrocious crime! for which he sternly bore  
Slow pain and wasting fever in a goal:  
He perish'd there."

Will any one who knows any thing of country life allow that this is a true picture? Who are the poachers?—the dishonest and the disreputable of a parish, with whom poaching is any thing but a single act of dishonesty. Where there is human authority, there will always be human abuse; and we do not suppose that the game, any more than other, laws are not harsh upon particular individuals;—we are not even defending them; we only say there is something very absurd in the sentimental interest so many writers of the present day have a fancy for throwing round poachers and smugglers.

We now proceed to the *Corn-Law Rhymes*, which are even more virulent and prejudiced than the *Village Patriarch*. The following remark about Burns is one sample among many of false assertion and perverted views.

"Will they learn from the writings of Burns, and from his life, that, during a certain crusade for ignominy, it was necessary yet perilous, and in his case, fatal, to say, 'the man's the goud for a' that?'" We never heard Burns held up as a political martyr before.

We will not trouble ourselves to quote the prose opinions of the "Sheffield Mechanics' Anti-bread-tax Society;" but simply extract two or three favourable poetical specimens.

## Landscape.

"Look on the clouds, the streams, the earth, the sky,  
Lo, all is interchange and harmony!  
Where is the gorgeous pomp which yester morn  
Curtain'd yon orb with amber fold on fold?  
Behold it in the blue of Rivelin borne  
To feed the all-feeding seas! the molten gold  
Is flowing pale in Loxley's crystal cold,  
To kindle into beauty tree and flower,  
And wake to verdant life hill, vale, and plain.  
Cloud trades with river, and exchange is power:  
But should the clouds, the streams, the winds disdain  
Harmonious intercourse, nor dew nor rain  
Would forest-crown the mountains: airless day  
Would blast, on Kinderscout, the heathy glow;  
No purple green would meeken into gray,  
O'er Don at eve; no sound of river's flow  
Disturb the sepulchre of all below."

## Again.

"When by our Father's voice the skies are riven,  
That, like the winnowed chaff, disease may fly;  
And seas are shaken by the breath of heaven,  
Lest in their depths the living spirit die;  
Man views the scene with awe'd but grateful eye,  
And trembling feels, could God abuse his power,  
Nor man nor nature would endure an hour.  
But there is mercy in his seeming wrath;  
It smites to save, not, tyrant-like, to slay;  
And storms have beauty as the lily hath;  
Grand are the clouds that, mirrored on the bay,  
Roll like the shadows of lost worlds away.  
When bursts through the broken gloom the startled light;

Grand are the waves that like the broken gloom  
Are smitten into splendour by his might;  
And glorious is the storm's tempestuous boom,  
Although it waltzeth o'er the watery tomb,  
And is a dreadful ode on ocean's drowned."

We conclude with a most affecting and striking poem, "the Death-feast."

"The birth-day, or the wedding-day,  
Let happy moments keep;  
To death my fatal vows I pay,  
And try in vain to weep.  
Some griefs the strongest soul might shake,  
And I such grief have had;  
My brain is hot—but they mistake  
Who deem that I am mad.  
My father died, my mother died,  
Four orphans poor were we;  
My brother John worked hard, and tried  
To smile on Jane and me.  
But work grew scarce, while bread grew dear,  
And wages lessened too.  
For Irish hordes were bidders here  
Our half-paid work to do.  
And sinking cheek, to save  
Consumptive Jane from early death—  
Then joined her in the grave.  
His watery hand in mine I took,  
And kissed him till he slept;  
O, still I see his dying look!  
He tried to smile, and wept!  
I bought his coffin with my bed,  
My gown bought earth and prayer;  
I pawned my mother's ring for bread,  
I pawned my father's chair.  
My Bible yet remains to sell,  
And yet unsold shall be;  
But language fails my woes to tell—  
Even crumbs were scarce with me.  
I sold poor Jane's gray linnet then,  
It cost a great deal;  
I sold John's hen, and missed the hen  
Whom eggs were selling dear;  
For autumn nights seemed wintry cold,  
While seldom blazed my fire,  
And eight times eight no more I sold  
When eggs were getting higher.  
But still I glean the moor and heath;  
I wash, they say, with skill;  
And workhouse-bread ne'er crossed my teeth—  
I trust I never will.  
But when the day on which John died  
Returns with all its gloom,  
I seek kind friends, and beg, with pride,  
A banquet for the tomb.  
One friend, my brother James, at least  
Comes then with me to dine;  
Let others keep the marriage-feast,  
The funeral feast is mine.  
For then on him I fondly call,  
And then he lives again!  
To-morrow is our festival  
Of death, and John, and Jane.  
Even now, behold! they look on me,  
Exulting, from the skies.  
While angels round them weep to see  
The tears gush from their eyes!  
I cannot weep—Why can I not?  
My tears refuse to flow:  
My feet are cold, my brain is hot—  
Is fever madness? No.  
Thou smilest, and in scorn—but thou,  
Couldst thou forget the dead?  
No common beggar curses now,  
And begs for burial bread."

And what this poem describes happens, ay daily, in England! It is false and cruel—for nothing is more cruel than to hold out a delusion for a hope,—false and cruel, we say, to induce people to believe that the repeal of a set of laws would at once do away with this misery; and political acrimony does not alleviate, but aggravates the wound. But we approve the poem itself: in every shape, in every manner, let the wretched be brought to the notice of the prosperous. We are thoroughly convinced that no station in life is without its own peculiar trouble and distress. The rich man is often bowed to the earth by affliction for which there is no help save in God;—but poverty admits of human alleviation; and sympathy, more than policy, will be its redress.

We now leave these volumes: their author, a Mr. Elliot, we are informed, has genius—the creative, the powerful, the deeply imbued with nature and beauty. Among the higher classes we wish his works universal circulation: the rich and the luxurious can never be too loudly awakened. Among the lower, we must repeat, they are more calculated to do harm than good. Their writer has justly characterised himself: "My thoughts are passions that rush burning from my mind." He

may rely upon it, violence is injurious to the best of causes.

#### Heath's Picturesque Annual.

[Second notice.]

WE were obliged to be very brief in our notice of this most beautiful volume in our last No.: we now proceed to illustrate its literature by extracts, regretting that we have no power to do the same for its numerous and exquisite engravings. We select one of the stories so well told by the writer.

"I saw a small, faint light among the rocks in the distance. I at first conceived that it might proceed from a cottage-window; but, remembering that that part of the mountain was wholly uninhabited, and indeed uninhabitable, I roused myself, and, calling one of the family, inquired what it meant. While I spoke, the light suddenly vanished; but in about a minute re-appeared in another place, as if the bearer had gone round some intervening rock. The storm at that time raged with a fury which threatened to blow our hut, with its men and horses, over the mountains; and the night was so intensely dark, that the edges of the horizon were wholly indistinguishable from the sky. 'There it is again!' said I. 'What is that, in the name of God?' 'It is Lelia's lamp!' cried the young man eagerly, who was a son of our host. 'Awake, father! Ho, Batista! Vittorio! Lelia is on the mountains!' At these cries the whole family sprung up from their lair at once, and, crowding round the window, fixed their eyes upon the light, which continued to appear, although at long intervals, for a considerable part of the night. When interrogated as to the nature of this mystic lamp, the cottagers made no scruple of telling me all they knew, on the sole condition that I should be silent when it appeared, and leave them to mark uninterruptedly the spot where it rested. To render my story intelligible, it is necessary to say that the *minerali* and farmers form two distinct classes in the Valley of Anzascia. The occupation of the former, when pursued as a profession, is reckoned disreputable by the other inhabitants, who obtain their living by regular industry; and, indeed, the manners of the *minerali* offer some excuse for what might otherwise be reckoned an illiberal prejudice. They are addicted to drinking, quarrelsome, overbearing—at one moment rich, and at another starving; and, in short, they are subject to all the calamities, both moral and physical, which beset men who can have no dependence on the product of their labour, ranking in this respect with gamblers, authors, and other vagabonds. They are, notwithstanding, a fine race of men—brave, hardy, and often handsome. They spend freely what they win lightly; and if one day they sleep off their hunger, lying like wild animals basking in the sun, the next, if fortune has been propitious, they swagger about, gallant and gay, the lords of the valley. Like the sons of God, the *minerali* sometimes make love to the daughters of men; and although they seldom possess the hand, they occasionally touch the heart, of the gentle maidens of Anzascia. If their wooing is unsuccessful, there are comrades still wilder than their own, whose arms are always open to receive the desperate and the brave. They change the scene, and betake themselves to the highways, when nights are dark and travellers unwary; or they enlist under the banners of those regular banditti, who rob in thousands, and whose booty is a province or a kingdom. Francesco Martelli was the handsomest gold-seeker

in the valley. He was wild, it is true, but that was the badge of his tribe; and he made up for this by so many good qualities, that the farmers themselves—at least such of them as had not marriageable daughters—delighted in his company. Francesco could sing ballads so sweetly and mournfully, that the old dames leant back in the chimney-corner to weep while he sung. He had that deep and melancholy voice, which, when once heard, lingers in the ear, and when heard again, however unexpectedly, seems like a longing realised. There was only one young lass in the valley who had never heard the songs of Francesco. All the others, seen or unseen, on some pretext or other, had gratified their curiosity. The exception was Lelia, the daughter of one of the richest farmers in Anzascia.

"There came one at last, however, to whom poor Lelia listened. She was sitting alone, according to her usual custom, at the bottom of her father's garden, singing, while she plied her knitting-needle, in the soft, low tone peculiar to her voice, and beyond which it had no compass. The only fence of the garden at this place was a belt of shrubs, which enriched the border of the deep ravine it overlooked. At the bottom of this ravine flowed the river, rapid and yet sullen; and beyond, scarcely distant two hundred yards, a range of precipitous cliffs shut in the horizon. The wild and desolate aspect of the scene was overshadowed and controlled, as it were, by the stern grandeur of these ramparts of nature; and the whole contributed to form such a picture as artists travel a thousand miles to contemplate. Lelia, however, had looked upon it from childhood. It had never been forced upon her imagination by contrast, for she had never travelled five miles from her father's house, and she continued to knit, and sing, and dream, without even raising her eyes. Her voice was rarely loud enough to be caught by the echoes of the opposite rocks; although sometimes it did happen that, carried away by enthusiasm, she produced a tone which was repeated by the fairy minstrels of the glen. On the present occasion she listened with surprise to a similar effect, for her voice had died almost in a whisper. She sang another stanza in a louder key. The challenge was accepted; and a rich, sweet voice took up the strain of her favourite ballad where she had dropped it. Lelia's first impulse was to fly; her second, to sit still and watch for a renewal of the music; and her third, which she obeyed, to steal on tiptoe to the edge of the ravine, and look down into the abyss, from whence the voice seemed to proceed. The echo, she discovered, was a young man, engaged in navigating a raft down the river—such as is used by the peasantry of the Alps to float themselves and their wares to market, and which at this moment was stranded on the shore, at the foot of the garden. He leant upon an oar, as if in the act of pushing off his clumsy boat; but his face was upturned, like one watching for the appearance of a star; and Lelia felt a sudden conviction, she knew not why, that he had seen her through the trees while she sat singing, and had adopted this method of attracting her attention without alarming her. If such had been his purpose, he seemed to have no ulterior view; for, after gazing for an instant, he withdrew his eyes in confusion, and, pushing off the raft, dropped rapidly down the river, and was soon out of sight.

"It was a week before she again saw this Apollo of her girlish imagination. It seemed as if in the interval they had had time to get

acquainted! They exchanged salutations—the next time they spoke—and the next time they conversed. There was nothing mysterious in their communications. He was probably a farmer's son of the upper valley, who had been attracted, like others, by the fame of the heiress of old Niccoli. He, indeed, knew nothing of books, and he loved poetry more for the sake of music than its own; but what of that?—the writings of God were around and within them; and these, if they did not understand, they at least felt. He was bold and vigorous of mind; and this is beauty to the fair and timid. He skimmed along the edge of the precipice, and sprang from rock to rock in the torrent, as fearless as the chamois. He was beautiful, and brave, and proud; and this glorious creature, with radiant eyes, and glowing cheeks, laid himself down at her feet, to gaze upon her face, as poets worship the moon! The world, before so monotonous, so blank, so drear, was now a heaven to poor Lelia. One thing only perplexed her: they were sufficiently long—according to the calculations of sixteen—and sufficiently well acquainted; their sentiments had been avowed without disguise; their faith plighted beyond recall: and as yet her lover had never mentioned his name! Lelia, reflecting on this circumstance, condemned, for the moment, her precipitation; but there was now no help for it, and she could only resolve to extort the secret—if secret it was—at the next meeting. 'My name!' said the lover, in reply to her frank and sudden question; 'you will know it soon enough.' 'But I will not be said nay. You must tell me now—or at all events to-morrow night.' 'Why to-morrow night?' 'Because a young, rich, and handsome suitor, on whom my father's heart is set, is then to propose, in proper form, for this poor hand; and, let the confession cost what it may, I will not overthrow the dearest plans of my only parent without giving a reason which will satisfy even him. Oh, you do not know him! Wealth weighs as nothing in the scale against his daughter's happiness. You may be poor for aught I know; but you are good, and honourable, and, therefore, in his eyes, no unfitting match for Lelia.' It was almost dark; but Lelia thought she perceived a smile on her lover's face while she spoke, and a gay suspicion flashed through her mind, which made her heart beat and her cheeks tingle. He did not answer for many minutes; a struggle of some kind seemed to agitate him; but at length, in a suppressed voice, he said—'To-morrow night, then.' 'Here?' 'No, in your father's house; in the presence of—my rival.'

His appearance, as may be supposed, is more agreeable to the maiden than to her father, and the following scene ensues. The lover says, "Your real objection to me is that I am poor. It is a strong one. If I chose to take your daughter without a dowry, I would take her in spite of you all; but I will leave her—even to that thing without a soul—rather than subject so gentle and fragile a being to the privations and vicissitudes of a life like mine. I demand, therefore, not simply your daughter, but a dowry, if only a small one; and you have the right to require that on my part I shall not be empty-handed. She is young, and there can be, and ought to be, no hurry with her marriage: but give me only a year—a single year; name a reasonable sum; and if by the appointed time I cannot tell the money into your hand, I hereby engage to relinquish every claim which her generous preference has given me upon your daughter's

hand.' 'It is well put,' replied the cold and cautious voice in the assembly. 'A year, at any rate, would have elapsed between the present betrothing and the damsel's marriage. If the young man, before the bells of twelve, on this night twelvemonth, layeth down upon the table, either in coined money, or in gold, or golden ore, the same sum which we were here ready to guarantee on the part of my grandson, why I, for one, shall not object to the maiden's whim—*provided it continues so long*—being consulted, in the disposal of her hand, in preference to her father's judgment and desires. The sum is only three thousand livres!'

"Sirs," said Francesco, in perplexity mingled with anger, 'the sum of three thousand livres.' He was interrupted by another forced laugh of derision. 'It is a fair proposal,' repeated the relations: 'agree, neighbour Niccoli, agree!' 'I agree,' said Niccoli disdainfully. 'It is agreed!' replied Francesco, in a burst of haughty indignation; and with a swelling heart he withdrew. A very remarkable change appeared to take place from that moment in the character and habits of the mineralo. He not only deserted the company of his riotous associates, but even that of the few respectable persons to whose houses he had obtained admission, either by his talents for singing, or the comparative propriety of his conduct. Day after day he laboured in his precarious avocation. The changes of the seasons were not now admitted as excuses. The storm did not drive him to the wine-shed, and the rain did not confine him to his hut. Day after day, and often night after night, he was to be found in the field—on the mountains—by the sides of the rain-courses—on the shores of the torrent. He rarely indulged himself even in the recreation of meeting his mistress, for whom all this labour was submitted to. Gold, not as a means but as an end, seemed to be his thought by day, and his dream by night; the object and end of his existence. When they did meet, in darkness, and loneliness, and mystery, it was but to exchange a few hurried sentences of hope and comfort, and affected reliance upon fortune. On these occasions, tears, and tremblings, and hysterical sobbings, sometimes told, on her part, at once the hollowness of her words, and the weakness of her constitution; but on his, all was, or seemed to be, enthusiasm and steadfast expectation.

"The year touched upon its close; and the sum which the gold-seeker had amassed, although great almost to a miracle, was still far, very far, from sufficient. The last day of the year arrived, ushered in by storm, and thunderings, and lightnings; and the evening fell cold and dark upon the despairing labours of Francesco. He was on the side of the mountain opposite Niccoli's house; and, as daylight died in the valley, he saw, with inexpressible bitterness of soul, by the number of lights in the windows, that the fête was not forgotten. Some trifling success, however, induced him, like a drowning man grasping at a straw, to continue his search. He was on the spot indicated by a dream of his enthusiastic mistress; and she had conjured him not to abandon the attempt till the bell of the distant church should silence their hopes for ever. His success continued. He was working with the pick-axe, and had discovered a very small perpendicular vein; and it was just possible that this, although altogether inadequate in itself, might be crossed at a greater depth by a horizontal one, and thus form one of the *gruppi*, or nests, in which the ore is plentiful, and easily extracted. To work, however, was dif-

ficult, and to work long impossible. His strength was almost exhausted; the storm beat fiercely in his face; and the darkness increased every moment. His heart wholly failed him—his limbs trembled—a cold perspiration bedewed his brow; and, as the last rays of daylight departed from the mountain-side, he fell senseless upon the ground. How long he remained in this state he did not know; but he was recalled to life by a sound resembling, as he imagined, a human cry. The storm howled more wildly than ever along the side of the mountain, and it was now pitch-dark; but on turning round his head, he saw, at a little distance above where he lay, a small, steady light. Francesco's heart began to quake. The light advanced towards him, and he perceived that it was borne by a figure arrayed in white from head to foot. 'Lelia!' cried he in amazement, mingled with superstitious terror, as he recognised the features of his young fair mistress. 'Waste not time in words,' said she; 'much may yet be done; and I have the most perfect assurance that now at least I am not deceived. Up, and be of good heart! Work—for here is light. I will sit down in the shelter, bleak though it be, of the cliff, and aid you with my prayers, since I cannot with my hands.' Francesco seized the axe, and, stirred half with shame, half with admiration, by the courage of the generous girl, resumed his labour with new vigour. 'Be of good heart,' continued Lelia, 'and all will yet be well. Bravely—bravely done!—be sure the saints have heard us!' Only once she uttered any thing resembling a complaint: 'It is so cold!' said she; 'make haste, dearest; for I cannot find my way home, if I would, without the light.' By and by she repeated more frequently the injunction to 'make haste.' Francesco's heart bled while he thought of the sufferings of the sick and delicate girl on such a night, in such a place; and his blows fell desperately on the stubborn rock. He was now at a little distance from the spot where she sat; and was just about to beg her to bring the light nearer, when she spoke again. 'Make haste—make haste!' she said; 'the time is almost come—I shall be wanted—I am wanted—I can stay no longer—farewell!' Francesco looked up—but the light was already gone. It was so strange, this sudden desertion! If determined to go, why did she go alone?—aware, as she must have been, that his remaining in the dark could be of no use. Could it be that her heart had changed, the moment her hopes had vanished? It was a bitter and ungenerous thought; nevertheless, it served to bridle the speed with which Francesco at first sprung forward to overtake his mistress. He had not gone far, however, when a sudden thrill arrested his progress. His heart ceased to beat, he grew faint, and would have fallen to the ground, but for the support of a rock against which he staggered. When he recovered, he retraced his steps as accurately as it was possible to do in utter darkness. He knew not whether he found the exact spot on which Lelia had sat—but he was sure of the surrounding localities; and, if she was still there, her white dress would no doubt gleam even through the thick night which surrounded her. With a lightened heart—for, compared with the phantom of the mind which had presented itself, all things seemed endurable—he began again to descend the mountain. In a place so singularly wild, where the rocks were piled around in combinations at once fantastic and sublime, it was not wonderful that the light carried by his mistress should be wholly invisible to him, even had it



been much nearer than was by this time probable. Far less was it surprising that the shouts which ever and anon he uttered should not reach her ear; for he was on the lee-side of the storm, which raved among the cliffs with a fury that might have drowned the thunder. Even to the practised feet of Francesco, the route, without the smallest light to guide his steps, was dangerous in the extreme; and to the occupation thus afforded to his thoughts, it was perhaps owing that he reached Niccoli's house in a state of mind to enable him to acquit himself in a manner not derogatory to the dignity of manhood. 'Niccoli,' said he, on entering the room, 'I have come to return you thanks for the trial you have allowed me. I have failed, and, in terms of the engagement between us, I relinquish my claims to your daughter's hand.' He would then have retired as suddenly as he had entered; but old Niccoli caught hold of his arm:—'Bid us farewell,' said he, in a tremulous voice; 'go not in anger. Forgive me for the harsh words I used when we last met. I have watched you, Francesco, from that day, and—' He wiped away a tear, as he looked upon the soiled and neglected apparel, and the haggard and ghastly face of the young man. 'No matter—my word is plighted—farewell. Now, call my daughter,' added he, 'and I pray God that the business of this night end in no ill!' Francesco lingered at the door: he would fain have been but the skirt of Lelia's mantle before departing! 'She is not in her room!' cried a voice of alarm. Francesco's heart quaked. Presently the whole house was astir. The sound of feet running here and there was heard, and agitated voices calling out her name. The next moment the old man rushed out of the room, and, laying both his hands upon Francesco's shoulders, looked wildly in his face. 'Know you aught of my daughter?' said he. 'Speak, I conjure you, in the name of the blessed Saviour! Tell me that you have married her, and I will forgive and bless you! Speak!—will you not speak? A single word! Where is my daughter? Where is my Lelia?—my life—my light—my hope—my child, my child!' The mineralo started, as if from a dream, and looked round, apparently without comprehending what had passed. A strong shudder then shook his frame for an instant. 'Lights!' said he, 'torches!—every one of you, follow me!' and he rushed out into the night. He was speedily overtaken by the whole of the company, amounting to more than twelve men, with lighted torches, that flared like meteors in the storm. As for the leader himself, he seemed scarcely able to drag one limb after the other; and he staggered to and fro, like one who is drunken with wine. They at length reached the place he sought; and, by the light of the torches, something white was seen at the base of the cliff. It was Lelia. She leant her back against the rock; one hand was pressed upon her heart, like a person who shrinks with cold; and in the other she held the lamp, the flame of which had expired in the socket. Francesco threw himself on his knees at one side, and the old man at the other; while a light, as strong as day, was shed by the torches upon the spot. She was dead—dead—stone dead! After a time, the childless old man went to seek out the object of his daughter's love; but Francesco was never seen from that fatal night. A wailing sound is sometimes heard to this day upon the hills, and the peasants say that it is the voice of the mineralo seeking his mistress among the rocks; and every dark and stormy night the lamp of

Lelia is still seen upon the mountain, as she lights her phantom-lover in his search for gold."

In conclusion, we repeat our commendations: the engravings are exquisite, the literary department very original and superior. The volume itself is one of the most richly bound we have seen—crimson morocco and gold, both handsome and substantial.

*Memoirs of the great Lord Burghley.* By the Rev. Dr. Nares. 4to. Vol. III. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

ON the publication of the first and second volumes of this sterling historical work, we expressed our opinion of the author's labours; and have now little to add, except in the shape of two or three selections, as specimens of his concluding quarto. The style is peculiar, and not elegant, but plain and sensible. In many parts Dr. Nares has been enabled, by his researches, to correct errors in Strype, Rapin, Neale (History of the Puritans), Lingard, and Sir Walter Scott. He is rather an Elizabethan apologist, and still more an advocate for Lord Burghley, as the Protestant statesman opposed to the designs and conspiracies of "the Papists." With these simple notes, we quote a general exposition of his sentiments.

"No man could have more reason to resent any imputations cast on his loyalty and dutifulness to his sovereign than Lord Burghley; it was his ruling principle—connecting, that is, the safety of his sovereign with the safety and security of the nation, and obedience to the crown, with obedience to the laws. Had his obedience been servile or self-interested, his situation would have been less onerous and his way more clear; but he had frequently to combat some of the queen's strongest prejudices, and to recommend measures, not merely obnoxious, but offensive to others of the court, and those in greater favour than himself on some accounts. Any other person in his place, had Elizabeth's temper been so capricious or ungovernable as some would have it, would have been discredited, crushed, and ruined in a moment, upon the suggestions of such great but secret enemies as he had to contend with; but his merits, and the value of his advice, happened to be too justly appreciated by the queen's own understanding to give any permanent advantage to his adversaries—a few sudden and transient clouds might arise, which it might require time and care to disperse, but he had a right to expect that, with care and time, all that did arise might be dispersed; and, in truth, he found it so. In the instance above, he relied entirely on his dutifulness to his own sovereign, to account for his actions. Against Elizabeth, he was never a well-willer (to use his own words) to Mary, nor could be so; but he was never so ill a willer to her as to aggravate her misfortunes, or do more than impeach, to the utmost of his power, her practices against England and against Elizabeth—and this deserves to be attended to. What Elizabeth was taught to suspect was this—that he was becoming so friendly to the Queen of Scots as to have no longer any disposition to encounter her practices;—they were her practices, and not her person, to which he opposed himself; and this he boldly told Lord Shrewsbury he would even do while they might appear to be directed against his own sovereign. He was aware that upon acting on a principle approaching in any degree to impartiality, he should expose himself to the contrary imputations of being the Queen of Scots' greatest open enemy, or her greatest but secret friend;—if, as in duty bound, he sought to protect Elizabeth against the in-

trigues and cabals of Mary's pretended friends, he was then accounted the greatest enemy of that unfortunate princess; but if he sought to promote her comfort in any way—to procure her any indulgences on the part of Elizabeth, or to thwart those who were, upon a different principle, her decided enemies—then he was exposed to the artful practices of his courtly enemies, and misrepresented to Elizabeth. This, we verily believe, is a just picture of his difficult situation as Elizabeth's principal political adviser. Mary 'gave ear,' to use an expression of her own ambassador, Bishop Leslie, too readily to the discontented subjects of Elizabeth, and to her foreign Catholic friends, as they called themselves; and thereby rendered herself obnoxious to the suspicions of Elizabeth, and very fairly exposed herself to greater restraints, and a more watchful attention to all her actions, than would otherwise have been the case; and, perhaps, could she have been persuaded to intrigue less with Elizabeth's decided enemies—to have given more scope to the Protestant interests in Scotland—to have acknowledged some of her errors and false steps—or had Elizabeth married, and thereby quieted the disturbance about the succession—she might have been set at liberty, or, at the least, restored to a great [quiet?] enjoyment of rank, consequence, and consideration; but, unfortunately, being in the power of Elizabeth, she went on intriguing, by every channel of communication she could command, against Elizabeth, her person, and her crown—against the Protestant interests in Scotland, and consequently against a large proportion of her own subjects. Driven by these very intrigues into the arms of Elizabeth, the case was complicated, but capable of being understood in all its bearings—certainly not by any superficial readers of history, but by those who have patience to go thoroughly into the depths of such an inquiry, and are sufficiently free from prejudices to acknowledge the truth, wherever it can be made to appear: for, with regard to the dark and perplexed transactions of the sixteenth century, it may justly be regarded as a spirit we have to call from the 'vasty deep.'"

Our next extract is a curious picture of sports by and before Elizabeth, at Kenilworth.

"Noow within allso, in the mean time, waz thear sheawed before her highness, by an Italian, such feats of agilitie, in goings, turnings, tumblings, castings, hops, jumps, leaps, skips, springs, gambaud, somersaunts, caprellies, and flights; forward, backward, sydevise, a downward, upward, and with sundry windings, gyrings, and circumflexions; also lightly and with such easiness, as by me in few words, it iz not expressibill by pen or speech I tell you plain. I bleast me by my faith to behold him, and began to doout whither a waz a man or a sprite, and I ween, had doouted me till this time, had it not been that anon I bethought me of men that can reason and talk with too toongs, and with too persons at ones, sing like birds, curteiz of behaviour of body strong, and in joynts so nimbl withall, that their bonez seem as lythic and playaut as syneuz. They dwel in a happy land (as the book termz it) four months sayling southward beyond Ethiope. Nay, Master Martin, I tell you no jest; for both Diocorus Siculus, an ancient Greek historiographer, in his third book of the acts of the old Egyptians; and also from him Conrad Gesnerus, a great learned man, and a very diligent writer, in all good arguments of our time (but deceased), in the first chapter of his Mithridates, reporteth the same. As for this fellow, I cannot tell what to make of him, save

that I may gesse his back be metall'd like a lamprey, that has no bone, but a lyne like a lute-string. Well, sir, let him passe and his fezt, and this dayz pastime with all; for heer is as mooch as I can remember me for Thursdais entertainment."

The following relates to a more striking political event, in another of the queen's progresses.

"Lord Burghley has been particularly accused of dealing treacherously and unkindly by the Duke of Norfolk; and yet, previous to his execution, that unhappy nobleman commended his children, in a very remarkable manner, to the care and guardianship of the lord treasurer; and even on this progress, though the queen, in some instances, seemed to place a confidence in her Catholic subjects, certain severities took place, which have been differently accounted for: one, at whose house even she had been received and entertained, was soon after cast into prison, and what was accounted an idol (intended for an image of the Virgin) burnt by the queen's command. This person was the owner of Euston Hall; and the particulars are to be found in a letter addressed to the Earl of Shrewsbury, by the celebrated hunter of recusants, Topcliffe. Some passages we shall transcribe. After speaking of the queen's health on the progress, he writes, 'The next good news (but in account the highest), her majesty has served God with great zeal, and comfortable examples; for, by her counsel, two notorious Papists, young Rookwood (the master of Euston Hall, where her majesty did lye upon Sunday now a fortnight), and one Downes, a gentleman, were both committed, the one to the town prison at Norwich, the other to the county prison there, for obstinate Papistry; and vii. more gentlemen of worship were committed to several houses in Norwich, as prisoners.' In some accounts these severities are said to have been inflicted upon them merely because they were Papists; and the queen's conduct is arraigned in no measured terms for so unfeeling a requital of the hospitality with which she had been treated. But we are inclined to suspect that some deception had been practised on her majesty, from the following passage in the same letter:—'This Rookwood is a Papist of kind newly crept out of his late wardship. Her majesty, by some means I know not, was lodged at his house, Euston, far unmeet for her highness, but fitter for the blackguard. Nevertheless (the gentleman brought into her majesty's presence by like device), her excellent majesty gave to Rookwood ordinary thanks for his bad house, and her fair hand to kiss; after which it was braved at. But my lord chamberlain, nobly and gravely understanding that Rookwood was excommunicated for Papistry, called him before him, demanded of him how he durst presume to attempt her real presence, he, unfit to accompany any Christian person—forthwith said he was fitter for the stocks—commanded him out of the court, and yet to attend her council's pleasure—and at Norwich he was committed.' It is easy to collect from this, that Rookwood was not committed for mere Papistry, but for some indiscretions betokening a contempt of the court, which the lord chamberlain was moved to resent. He appears to have drawn the queen to his house rather to insult than honour her, if not worse; and to have made a mockery of her very courtiers. He had evidently been in hold before, and incurred a sentence of excommunication for extreme obstinacy; and, if the conjecture of Mr. Lodge be true, that this was probably the same Rookwood who suffered death in 1605, for his con-

cern in the Gunpowder-plot, we may surely conclude that he was no common recusant, but a very bold and dangerous one, and in association with other suspicious persons at the very time."

We conclude with the death of this distinguished minister.

"His death was not sudden, nor his pain in sickness great; for he continued languishing two or three months, yet went abroad to take air in his coach all that time, retiring himself from the court, sometimes to his house at Theobalds, and sometimes at London; his greatest infirmity appearing to be the weakness of his stomach. It was also thought his mind was troubled that he could not work a peace for his country, which he earnestly laboured and desired of any thing, seeking to leave it as he had long kept it. For there was no other worldly thing to give him cause of grief: he had the favour of his prince, the love of his people, great offices, honours, livings, good children, and all blessings the world could afford him; yet he contemned the world, and desired nothing but death, either because he had lived long enough, and desired to be in heaven, or else because he could not live to do that good for his country he would—or rather, as is most likely, both; for he had seen and tasted so much both of the sweet and sour of the world as made him weary to live, and knew so much of the joys of his salvation, wherein was his onely comfort, as gave him cause to desire death, when it was God's good pleasure, as he often said: but how or whatsoever it was, the signe was infallibly good. He contemned this life, and expected the next; for there was no earthly thing wherein he took comfort, but in contemplation, reading or hearing the Scriptures, Psalmes, and Praieres. About ten or twelve daies before he died, he grew weak, and so dryvenne to kepe his bed, complaining onely of a pain in his breast, which was thought to be the humor of the goute (wherewith he was so long possessed) falling to that place, without any ague, fever, or sign of distemper or danger, and that paine not great nor continuall, but by fits, and so continued till within one night before his death. At six of the clock at night, the physicians finding no distemper in his pulse or bodie, but assuring his life, affirming it was impossible he should be harticke that had so good temper, and so perfect pulse and senses; and at seven of the clock following, he fell into a convulsion like to the shaking of an ague. Now, quoth he, the Lord be praised, the tyme is come. And calling his children, blessed them, and took his leave, commanding them to love and feare God, and love one another. He also praid for the queen, that she might live longe and die in peace. Then he called for Thomas Bellot, his steward, one of his executors, and delivered him his will, saieing, I have ever found thee true to me, and I nowe trust thee with all. Who like a godlie honest man, praid his lordship, as he had lived religiously, so now to remember his Savioure Christ, by whose blood he was to have forgiveness of his sins; with manie the like speeches used by his chaplaines, to whom he answered, it was done already, for he was assured God had forgiven his sins, and would save his soul."

#### Family Classical Library, No. XXIII.

Plutarch, Vol. I. Valpy.

A most popular ancient author commences No. 23 of this excellent series; and if former portions were acceptable, there can be no doubt that Langhorne's Plutarch will at least

equal any of its classical compeers. Heads from gems are given as embellishments; and the volume is, in every respect, entitled to general favour.

*The Amethyst; or, Christian's Annual.* Edited by Richard Hule, M.D. and R. Kaye Greville, LL.D. Edinburgh, 1832, Oliphant; Glasgow, Collins; London, Simpkin and Co., Hamilton, Adams, and Co.; Dublin, Curry, Jun. and Co.

A very neat and well-intentioned little volume; in reality, a collection of religious essays and sermons, together with some serious poetry; and we agree with the editors that there is no reason why as attractive a form as possible should not be given to sacred and serious instruction.

*Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. XXIV. Useful Arts, Vol. I. Manufactures in Metal, Iron, and Steel.* London, Longman and Co. This volume appears to contain all useful information on the subject of which it treats, and must therefore be acceptable to those concerned in manufactures in metal. We select one passage, which bears a reference to the fine arts.

"For several years past sheet steel has been used in large quantities, instead of copper-plates, by the engravers. By this fortunate application of so durable and, it may be added, so economical a material, not only has a new field been discovered, admirably suited to yield in perfection the richest and finest graphic productions which the ingenuity of modern art can accomplish, but to do so through an amazingly numerous series of impressions, without perceptible deterioration. The art of engraving on iron or steel, for purposes of ornament, and even for printing in certain cases, is by no means a discovery of modern times; but the substitution of the latter material for copper, and which has invited the superiority of the British *burin* to achievements hitherto unattained by our artists, is entirely a modern practice."

#### Dibdin's Sunday Library, Vol. VI.

Longman and Co.

This volume, with a portrait and memoir of Archbishop Secker, contains two sermons by that learned prelate, and eighteen by other eminent divines, including the present Bishop of London, Bishop Malby, Archdeacon Pott, Sidney Smith, Mr. Milman, Dr. D'Oyley, &c. It is a little library for a churchman, and a treasure for the pious among the laity.

*A Dictionary of Biography; comprising the most eminent Characters of all Ages, Nations, and Professions.* Embellished with numerous Portraits. Double cols. post 8vo. pp. 684. London, Tegg; Dublin, Cumming; Glasgow, Griffin and Co.

An extremely neat, ingenious, and useful volume, containing from four to five thousand remarkable names, with short notices of their owners. The slight outline portraits add greatly to its interest; and we could not mention a work of the kind more deserving of a place on the book-shelf for reference when occasion requires.

*The Miser; a Poem.* 8vo. pp. 78. Baldwin and Co.

We are afraid this is one of the poetical aspirations which neither the taste nor purse of the present day encourageth.



## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE vacation of this useful institution terminated on Wednesday, when the members resumed their labours; William Tooke, Esq., recently re-elected a vice-president, in the chair. The secretary, Mr. Aikin, after reading the minutes of the last meeting, announced the heads of a variety of communications, which were referred to the different committees: many of them will immediately come under the consideration of those of mechanics, polite arts, and chemistry. Among other subjects which have been received, were an instrument for taking angles, a system of weights and measures, a table for performing multiplication and division, lock gates, a dissected map of the constellations, a mangle, a fire-escape, a horse-collar, a saw-mill, a life-buoy, a life-boat, a method of preventing the collision of steam-vessels, a trap for rats, a pile-driver, a method of supplying oil to the bushes of millstones, a cup for effervescing mixtures, curling-irons, a new plan of painting portable frescoes, on destroying caterpillars, on the dry-rot in timber, a method of lighting and putting out street-lamps, a clamp for boot-makers and harness-makers, &c.

The Society have thus commenced a session which promises to be as pregnant with business as any that have preceded; and we were much gratified by observing that many of its most valuable members were present: we particularly allude to those who have so long and sedulously promoted the objects and interests of the institution.

Several valuable presents were mentioned, and, after the names, &c. of persons wishing to become members had been read, the Society adjourned. Soon after Christmas the evening illustrations are to commence.

## NEW PATENTS

Granted by His Majesty for Inventions.—Sealed, 1831.

As the grant of patents tends to throw much light on the progress of science and the useful arts in England, we have made arrangements for a regular register of these documents.—*Ed. L. G.*

To Andrew Ure, of Finsbury Square, in the parish of St. Luke's, in the county of Middlesex, doctor in medicine, for his invention of an improved apparatus for evaporating syrups and saccharine juices. 22d September—6 months. For enrolment of specification.

To William Bingham, of St. Mary Hall, Esq., and William Duke, gunmaker, both of Oxford, for their invention of certain improvements on fire-arms of different descriptions. 24th September—6 months.

To Henry Hope Wernick, of North Terrace, Carnarvon, in the county of Surrey, gentlemen, in consequence of a communication made to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad, he is in possession of an invention for improvements in apparatus or methods for preserving lives of persons and property when in danger by shipwreck, by speedily converting boats or small vessels of ordinary description into life-boats, and other apparatus or means applicable to the same objects. 24th September—6 months.

To James Lang, of Greenock, North Britain, flax dresser, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery for spreading, drawing, roving, or spinning flax, hemp, and other fibrous substances, dressed or undressed. 24th September—2 months.

To Joseph Gillott, of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, steel pen maker, for his invention of an improvement in the making or manufacturing of metallic pens. 27th September—2 months.

To John Myatt, of Tabernacle Walk, Finsbury Square, in the county of Middlesex, tailor, for his invention of an article to be worn on the feet, as a substitute for pattens or clogs, which he denominates Myatt's Health Preserver. 27th September—2 months.

To Oliver St. George, of Great Cumberland Street, in the county of Middlesex, Esq., in consequence of a communication made to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad, he is in possession of an invention of certain improvements in machinery for acquiring power in tides or currents. 28th September—6 months.

To Miles Berry, of the Office for Patents, 66, Chancery Lane, in the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn, in the

county of Middlesex, engineer and mechanical draftsman, in consequence of a communication made to him by M. Jean Nicholas Senchal, Ingénieur des Ponts et Chaussées, residing at Versailles, in the kingdom of France, he is in possession of an invention or discovery of certain improvements in the boilers or generators of steam and other vapour, and in engines to be worked by steam or vapour for propelling or actuating machinery on land, and boats, vessels, or other floating bodies on water, and also in the mode of condensing such steam or vapour. 28th September—6 months.

To John Heathcote, of Tiverton, in the county of Devon, lace manufacturer, for his invention of certain improvements in the machinery used for the making of bobbin or twist lace net, whereby net and other fabrics may be produced. 3d October—6 months.

Newton and Berry's Office for Patents,  
66, Chancery Lane, London.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

AFTER a council, at which Lord Bexley presided, the first ordinary meeting for the year, of the Royal Society of Literature, was held at the Society's house on Wednesday last. The routine business being disposed of, Mr. Sotheby, at the request of the council, read a portion of his version of the eleventh book of the Odyssey; which was listened to with great pleasure by the assembly. As we have formerly been so favoured, we trust that we may also, on this occasion, be afforded an opportunity of laying this episode before our readers.

## KING'S COLLEGE.

Professor Renaldi's Introductory Lecture.

THE study of natural history comes powerfully recommended to us from its multiplying to infinity the sources of innocent pleasure, as well as from its tendency to enlarge the mind and improve the taste. This may be exemplified by reference to the biography of great men who have added natural history to other varied studies; among whom we find the names of Aristotle and Lord Bacon the most distinguished. Lord Bacon represents natural history as "fundamental to the erecting and building of a true philosophy;" and Herschel says, that "from it all sciences arise." But instead of its having been studied on the inductive principle, a great portion of what is called natural history consists either of systematic tables and meagre catalogues of species, frequently very erroneous in detail; or of wildly fanciful theories. The former is exemplified in the works of the Linnean school, the meagreness and inaccuracy of which has been the ruin of philosophic inquiry for many years. Of the latter we have glaring instances in the *hypothetical* school, whose object is to discover a metaphysical chimera called the *natural system*, the pursuit of which has been productive of little else but critical trifling and unphilosophical speculation:—witness the fancy of Savigny, that the sucker of a gnat is not a sucker, but a set of jaws glued together;—witness the terms "false," "spurious," and "imperfect," applied to animals which do not correspond to some fanciful standard of a theorist;—witness Geoffrey St. Hilaire's monstrous fancy, that the legs of crabs are "spurious," or, in other words, ribs which have wandered out from the interior and become spurious legs;—(when, he does not say!);—witness MacLeay's still wilder fancy, that all organised beings were originally produced in circles of five, and then dismissed to wander out of these quinary circles;—witness the wild theory of spontaneous generation, which maintains that animals originate in some occult play of chemical affinities; or asserts them to arise from the "march of nature," from "*propagules animées*," from the "*vis formativa*," or "*l'espece des foyers*,"—some dreamy, visionary thing, the theorists cannot tell what; and no-

body, most assuredly, can be the wiser or the better for treasuring up in their memory such vain and vague words, which signify nothing, but are only a learned apology for the absolute ignorance of the theorists. These theories are, for the most part, characterised by their studied exclusion of all reference to a Creator, and differ widely in this from the practice of the higher philosophers,—Socrates, Plato, Bacon, Newton, Locke, Ray, Haller, &c.; names which could not be matched by the gainsayers among their Darwins, Lamarcks, Laplaces, and Cuviers. Newton says, it is the very "business of philosophy to reason from phenomena to God;" and to an unprejudiced mind, it must appear impossible to study the works of creation and exclude all allusion to a Creator.

Nothing is more injurious to a pupil's progress than trusting to his teacher, and doing little or nothing himself;—than imagining, when he knows a smattering of terms, that he has a general knowledge of a subject;—than trusting to the authority of books, without personal investigation of facts and arguments. These three latter points were strongly urged on the attention of the students.\*

## FINE ARTS.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Calligraphy.* Lacey, St. Paul's Churchyard. We have lying before us a beautiful piece of penmanship, designed and engraved on steel by H. D. Smith; surrounding a miniature portrait of William IV., and commemorative of His Majesty's accession to the throne.

*Mr. G. Bennett, as Cassius.* Drawn on stone by W. Sharp, from the original by G. F. Stroehling. Dickinson.

As far as we can judge, having seen Mr. Bennett only on the stage, a very correct resemblance.

*Sketches from Life.* By R. Cruikshanks and others. Steill, Berger, &c.

BUT so-so. The subject of one of these sketches is much too painful for graphic illustration.

*One Hundred Cuts to the Comic Annual.* Lacey.

SCARCELY subjects for legitimate criticism; certainly not subjects for *grave* criticism. It is impossible for the pen to give an adequate idea of these whimsical productions of the pencil. We do not envy that solemnity of visage which they would not disturb.

*Morning.* Drawn on stone by W. Sharp, from the original sketch by John Hayter. Dickinson.

WE do not know which more to admire, the taste and elegance of this pretty little drawing, or the skill and delicacy with which it has been transferred to stone.

## ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' CONVERSATION.

THE first meeting for the season, of the Artists' and Amateurs' Conversation, took place on Wednesday, at the Freemasons' Tavern. It was well attended, and a considerable number of works of art were laid upon the tables. The "amateurs," however, as usual, contributed to the evening's entertainment far more largely than "the artists." Indeed, with the exception of a bust, and a model of the hand of the late J. Jackson, R.A. by Mr.

\* In giving an analysis of this lecture, we take no editorial share in the contest between the able lecturer and his opponents, respecting classification, &c.—*Ed. L. G.*



H. B. Burlowe, a few studies by Mr. Wood, some miniatures by Mr. Ward, after Sir Thomas Lawrence, and a portfolio of sketches by Mr. Frederick Nash—the whole supply was from the walls or cabinets of the collectors. This is not as it should be. The object of the institution—and in this consists its only real value—is to enable those who are working from day to day in solitude, and apart from such as may encourage and assist their efforts, to exhibit proofs of their abilities and progress in a profession that must be, of necessity, more than any other hidden from the public eye. Such societies may lead to very beneficial results; but not unless the young as well as the more advanced student considers it a part of his duty, at the same time that it is essential to his interests, upon such occasions of social intercourse, to give proof of what he is doing, or has done. Of the seventy members, perhaps forty are professional; yet it is rarely that a dozen contribute aught but their company; and the *conversazione* would be little better than a meeting to eat toast and drink tea, but for the generous assistance of a few individuals, who ransack their portfolios, and select the choicest works for the inspection of all who may be present. Mr. Morant, a liberal patron of British art, Mr. Griffiths of Norwood, another, Messrs. Boys and Graves, the printers, and two or three other gentlemen, are, in fact, the chief supporters of the Artists' and Amateurs' Conversazione: the artists must therefore pardon us if we charge them with ingratitude, as well as want of policy, in the indifference they have so generally manifested towards a society formed almost exclusively for their benefit. The collection on Wednesday, however, notwithstanding the drawback, was of high interest. The more remarkable of the works we may find space to notice. A fine and highly-finished painting by Mulready, the subject from St. Roman's Well, and intended to form one of the illustrations to the *Waverley Novels*; a number of sketches by Mr. F. Nash, principally from continental scenery; a rich drawing of Venice, and another of the Lake of Como, by Stanfield; the Crucifixion, by Martin; a delicious picture of a young maiden in the costume of the reign of George the First, by Mr. Stone; two excellent drawings of interiors, with figures, by Cattermole; the Rising of the Nile, by David Roberts; an exquisite copy, by Derby, of the famous Earl of Derby and his Countess—the gallant defender of Latham House; copies from paintings, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of the Countess of Blessington and the Marchioness of Londonderry, by Mr. G. R. Ward; an admirable bust, by Mr. H. B. Burlowe; some exceedingly clever sketches from the life by Mr. Wood; a copy, by Mr. Nixon, of Hogarth's painting of Thomson the poet; the noble print recently published from Wilkie's picture of the Chelsea Pensioners; and a large quantity of engravings.

Several new members have been elected since last year; among others, Lord de Tabley, who, we rejoice to hear, is following the course of his father in his appreciation and patronage of art; Mr. Collins, R.A., Mr. Derby, Mr. F. Nash, and Mr. John Hayter.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

*On the Nature, Progress, and Treatment of the Cholera Morbus, or Pestilential Cholera.*

The *Pestilential Cholera*, which has ravaged nearly all Asia, and a part of Europe, during every grade of atmospheric temperature and

humidity, in every vicissitude of weather and of season, and in every kind of locality, cannot date further back than 1817, when we see it taking its direful and mysterious origin at Jessore, a populous and unhealthy city in the centre of the Delta of the Ganges. Whether the Indian cholera, sporadic in certain seasons, became malignant and infectious; or whether the pestilential cholera is distinct from all visitations of the disease to which the name of cholera has been attached, is an abstract consideration of little practical utility: it is sufficient that the study of the development and the progress of the disorder has demonstrated the existence of malignant and infectious properties, which have not hitherto been found to accompany the Indian cholera or the cholera morbus of this country; and as "all the atmospheric phenomena and other circumstances (to use the words of Mr. Scott, the editor of the numerous and able reports transmitted to the Madras Medical Board), brought under the head of occasional causes, have with little or no interruption existed from the beginning of time (*quære*, from the remotest periods?) until now, without producing the pestilential cholera, consequently the superaddition of a new cause must be inferred." The origin of some pestiferous diseases is lost in the obscurity of antiquity; but others have both originated and disappeared within the periods of historical traditions; and others, again, belong only to modern times—as the yellow fever and syphilis, which continue to exercise their fearful ravages; and among these we may rank the pestilential cholera, one of the most disastrous diseases that ever afflicted the human race.

On the 28th of August it was reported to the government that a malignant species of cholera had appeared in the populous town of Jessore, and that it was attacking all classes of the natives indiscriminately. The inhabitants were well accustomed to the inroads of the common cholera, but they fled from the attacks of this malignant form of the disease, and business was abandoned for a time. Many cases of cholera had occurred in Calcutta as early as the middle of August, but it was near the end of the month before the malignant disease began to spread; and the opinion, since combated by many medical men, obtained at the time, that it had been imported from Jessore. An official notification of the existence of the malignant cholera in Calcutta was not forwarded till the 15th of September.

From January to May 1818, the contagion extended its ravages in the province of Bengal, from the eastern limits of Purneah Dinagore and Silhet to the extreme borders of Balasore and Cuttack, and from the mouth of the Ganges nearly to its confluence with the Jumna. The pestilence, leaving Bengal, penetrated along the Ganges, its navigable tributaries, and the high roads, into the interior of the country. At Benares 1500 persons perished in two months. In the district of Gorriakpore 30,000 died in half that time; and it visited, with equally fatal results, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Delhi, Agra, Muttra, Meerut, and Bareilly. On the 6th of November, the disease shewed itself in the army assembled under the Marquess of Hastings at Bundelcund, a portion of the Allahabad province. The amount of the deaths has been much exaggerated. From Mr. Kennedy's account,\* we find that from the day of attack to

the 8th of December, of the 10,000 fighting men of which the army was composed, 764 alone had fallen victims; and of the camp followers about 8000 perished, or one-tenth of their whole number. It appears, that though a change of quarters produced a beneficial influence on the army, the disease had run through its course of infection before the banks of the Sinde were quitted. The cholera took a direction across the Deccan; at Husseinabad the mortality was very great; it also proceeded, southerly, to the city of Nagpore. From Saugar, adhering to the neighbourhood of the Chumbal, it attacked Sonara, and finally reached Kota, which is built upon a solid rock. Another branch, after ravaging the left division of the army and the Nerbuddah field-force, spread through the states of Nagpore and Poonah, to the Presidency of Bombay; having traversed the peninsula of India in a year from the date of its appearance at Calcutta. While the interior of Hindostan was thus desolated, the disease extended itself along the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel, and reached Madras on the 8th of October. In the northern provinces of Hindostan the cholera travelled to Degrah, Delhi, and Jeyapore, and on the western banks of the Jumna; and among many of the towns in the Doab its progress could be distinctly traced from place to place.

From the bay of Bengal the cholera extended eastward along the coast of the Asiatic continent, and through the islands of the Indian ocean, to the farther boundaries of China, and to Timor, near New Holland. In the year 1818 the malady had appeared in Arracan; in 1819, in Penang, Bankok, where 40,000 persons fell victims to its ravages; and in April 1820 it was in Java; in October, Canton was invaded; and in the succeeding year the contagion entered Pekin. By November 1823 it had traversed the Mollucca, or Spice Islands, including the island of Timor, where it appears to have attained the south-eastern limits of its progress; but, still pursuing its north-eastern course, it continued for several years to ravage the interior of China. By 1627 it had passed the Great Wall, and desolated several places in Mongolia. Soon after its appearance in the southern parts of Hindostan, the pestilence passed from the coast of Coromandel to Ceylon; and during December 1818 and the earlier months of 1819, it prevailed in that island with a degree of virulence not previously surpassed. Here, as in the Hooghly, the shipping was affected; and the disease was carried by the *Topaz* frigate to the Mauritius. This is the occurrence which Dr. Johnson treats in the *Times* of the 29th Oct. as "one of the grossest impositions on the credulity of mankind that ever was foisted on the public ear." Muscat, a sea-port town of Arabia, was the first stage of the advance of the pestilence towards Europe. In this town it destroyed 60,000 persons, many of whom expired ten minutes after its invasion. From Muscat it spread to the different parts of the Persian Gulf, to Bahrem, Busheer, and Bassora. At this latter place 18,000 individuals perished, of which 14,000 died in a fortnight. From the Persian Gulf it extended inland in two directions, following the lines of commercial intercourse. On the one hand, the malady was propagated from Busheer into Persia; on the other, it pursued the course of the rivers Tigris and Euphrates into Asiatic Turkey. The po-

\* The History of the Contagious Cholera, with Facts explanatory of its Origin and Laws, and of a rational method of Cure. By James Kennedy, Surgeon, London, 1831. Cochrane and Co.—A most admirable performance,

containing a valuable account of the origin and progress of the disease, more especially as it exhibited itself in our Indian possessions, and of the treatment pursued with the greatest success in those climates.

pulation of Shiraz was 40,000 souls; of these 6000 perished in the first days of the attack. During the winter months the pestilence lay stagnant, and broke out again in the ensuing spring (1822). Mosul, Beri, Aentah, and Aleppo, were next infected. In Persia, during the month of September, the pestilence extended to the north of Teheran, in Kurdistan and Aderbejan. In the summer and autumn of 1823, Diarbekr and Antioch were attacked; and it ravaged many of the towns situated on the Asiatic shores of the Mediterranean. In the month of August it also extended, in an opposite direction, as far as Baku, on the borders of the Caspian Sea. Lastly, in the month of September, it broke out in the town of Astrakhan, where it continued to manifest itself until the rigour of winter destroyed this branch of the pestilence, and with the Syrio-Egyptian it disappeared for the time being. It appears to be in Persia where the germs of the disease were preserved, and where it reappeared every year for several years in succession, prevailing to a greater or less extent in localities that had been previously infected. The stream that penetrated into the heart of Europe, and which now threatens our own shores, began on the western side of the Caspian, and extending northward ravaged the Tauris. Afterwards, crossing the Russian frontier into Georgia, it entered Tiflis, and carried off several thousands of the inhabitants. Baku was again invaded; and, on the 20th of July, the pestilential cholera appeared once more in the city of Astrakhan.

In Russia, the disease observed the same laws that had marked its progress in India and in other countries. Adhering for some time to the route of navigable rivers and high roads, it ascended the Volga to where that river approaches the Don, where a branch took an overland course, and diverged up and down the river. On the Volga, Tzaritzin, Saratov, and Novogorod, were invaded in the month of August; Kostroma, Jaraslaw, and Moscow, in September; Samara, Simbirsk, Kasan, and Vladimir, in October. It appears that the unclean habits and thick clothing of the Russians materially affected and almost neutralised the beneficial influence of the winter. In the summer of 1831, the progress of the pestilence has been exceedingly extensive; it proceeded in two branches, the one from Volga, on the Dwina river, to Archangel; the other accompanied the Russian troops in the invasion of Poland. In April, it commenced its ravages in Warsaw, reaching Dantzic and Riga in May, and St. Petersburg in June. It reached Berlin on the 31st of August; while the Jassy and Bucharest branch was travelling to Vienna, where it declared itself in September; and in a very short time afterwards the disease had reached Altona and Hamburg.\* In the former place, there had been, by the last accounts (Oct. 25th, 1831), only thirteen cases; and in Hamburg, since the commencement, only 445, of which 213 had perished,—a proportion, as at Moscow, of nearly one half. There is, as we shall afterwards expound, every reason to believe, that in more equable climates—in countries where more regard is paid to convenience, cleanliness, and comfort—among people differing in constitution, habits, and manners, as the western Europeans do from the eastern Europeans and from the Asiatic tribes,—the ravages of this fearful malady will be much lessened; and, above all, amidst the charities of social and domestic life, as they are found in our own country, it is likely to prove a far less intractable and fatal disease than it has ever appeared elsewhere.

We give a little comfort, after detailing the progress of the pestilential cholera, because we feel aware that the solace to the subsequent considerations on the contagious and infectious character of the disease, and on its nature and symptoms, must be sought for in a close attention to the means recommended by experience and observation as preventive, and the remedies to be adopted in case of an attack.

The nature of the pestilence is best inferred from a faithful history of the phenomena manifested by it during its progress, and of the changes which it produces in the organisation. Among the most remarkable of the former, after its extensive distribution, are the independence which it appears to have of circumstances that generally exert considerable influence on epidemic, contagious, and infectious diseases.

Unlike epidemics, it was not affected by localities; its phenomena were the same at Mascata, in the centre of the arid deserts of Arabia, and at Bussora, amid the marshes of the Euphrates; at Larugie, on the borders of the Mediterranean, and at Kermanshah, in the centre of Persia, 150 leagues from any sea. It has attacked, without any diminution in its violence or its character, towns like Kota and Merdine, situated on high hills, far from any marsh, and well ventilated by a dry air; and it has shewn itself in others, as at Moussoul, on the Tigris, where the atmosphere is loaded with humidity. It has attacked without distinction the inhabitants of villages or of capitals, the crews of the boats on the Ganges or of the Volga, and those of the ships of the line in the Russian and English fleets. Lastly, it has shewn itself under the same forms in pagodas, in caravanserais, in monasteries, in barracks, in prisons, in harems, in tents, and in palaces. It has moved through countries independently of the race of men who inhabited them, and has affected equally the Hindoo, the Chinese, the Mongol, the Turk;—the Sclavonian, the Scandinavian, and the Teutonic tribes.

This independence of the hygrometric state of the atmosphere, of climate, and, more or less, of temperature, combined with an almost total indifference to seasons, point out the pestilential cholera as at once differing from all epidemic diseases; while we further find that it is even franked from the conditions of the yellow fever, which allow of its propagation only in the lower strata of the atmosphere. The pestilential cholera traversed the plain of Malwa, which has 2000 feet of elevation above the level of the sea, and the plain of Nepaul, which, according to Kirkpatrick and Crawford, is 5000 feet above the same level. It penetrated to Erzeroum, a city as lofty as Mexico, (7000 feet, Browne); and finally attacked the hermitages on Mount Ararat. The proofs against the contagious nature of the disease are equally numerous,—we mean the propagation of the disease by contact,—not so with regard to its infectious characters, or the propagation from the atmosphere where the disorder exists, or from the effluvia of a single individual.

We must first of all premise, that the existence either of infection or contagion is an inference drawn from the phenomena of disease. If a vapour or gas can be contagious, then the pestilential cholera is so; but not in the restriction which should be given to that term; though in both cases, if the infectious or contagious character of a disease can be deduced from well-attested facts, of the com-

munication of that disease by coming into proximity to, or contact with, a person affected by it, the same fact cannot be disproved; because others have been placed in similar circumstances and have not had the disease. The history of the progress, and the phenomena of propagation, of the pestilential cholera, do not go to shew that actual contact is necessary for the communication of the malady; on the contrary, M. Foy, and some of the medical men who visited Warsaw, failed to propagate the malady by inoculation; or by tasting the matters vomited by the affected; and M. Pinel inoculated himself, not only with the blood of a person labouring under pestilential cholera, but also with the mucus of the intestines taken from the body. If, then, this remarkable and malignant disease is neither endemic, that is to say, peculiar to any country, epidemic, prevailing at particular seasons, or contagious, communicated by contact, and yet the phenomena of its origin and progress mark it as propagated by the intercourse of nations and the communication of men, it must be simply infectious, and that apparently not at great distances; and Drs. Russell and Barry, in their latest reports, seem to think, not even infectious from the clothes or apparel of a diseased person; but this is liable to some doubts. Isphahan saved itself by denying entrance to an affected caravan, which took the disease to Yezdi; the German colony of Sa-repta interrupted all communication, and was not ravaged; the Franks, having shut themselves up in the towns of Syria which were affected, escaped the malady; in India the inhabitants of Jalls have also been known to escape the pest; and in the town of Permoki, some prisoners being affected by the disease, a sanitary cordon was placed round the prisons, and the town preserved from infection.

The body may receive infection in several different ways: by food; by the absorbents, or by the respiratory system. The symptoms of the disease, and the pathological appearances of the stomach and intestines, led some to think that they were the seat of the disease; but this opinion was not supported by a sufficient number of correlative facts to be ever much in vogue. The sudden coldness and clamminess of the surface of the body, from the determination of the blood to the larger organs; the annihilation of the pulse at the wrist and temples; the incapability of drawing blood from the superficial veins; and the obstruction of the exhaling system,—combined with the fact, that the naked races of mankind, the Hindoos, for example (four millions of whom are said to have fallen victims to the disease), were most exposed to its attacks,—led others to consider the skin, or the absorbent system, as the first affected by the infection. It is a curious fact, that the arrival of this pestilence at Moscow was preceded by a cloud of little green flies, which darkened the air, and covered persons from head to foot when they entered the street, and which are known in Asia as flies of the plague. These flies have, by some medical men, been thought to have a considerable influence in propagating the disease. Dr. Hahnemann also supposes the disease to be caused by insects, but which are invisible to the naked eye, and adhere to the hair, skin, and clothes. In this case the use of camphor in vapour, friction, and internally, would be indicated.

The Russian medical men thought, from post mortem examinations at Astrakhan, that poly-

\* The Syrio-Egyptian branch has also broken out with renewed fury, at Cairo, from the 19th of August to the 1st of September, above 9,000 persons had died.

\* Neale on Animate Contagion. The Egyptian plague, similarly infectious, is attended by a similar phenomenon.



were uniformly found on both sides of the spinal marrow; and the same parasitic growths have been found to attend the disease in India, only they occurred in the heart. They cannot, however, claim our attention as connected with the origin of the cholera.

Mr. Kersmann also advanced a theory founded upon the supposed absence of free acetic acid in the human blood, while a quantity corresponding to the amount lost might be traced in the intestines; but the existence of acetic acid, at any time, in the human blood, is a new fact, contested by the most celebrated chemists, and liable to very considerable doubts.

It appears much more probable, however, that the coldness of the skin, and loss of vitality in the surface of the body, are secondary symptoms, dependent on the affection of the heart, which is simultaneous with that of the organs of digestion and assimilation, and which would appear to result from the introduction of the poison through the medium of the air or the lungs. Pinel proposes for a disease of this character the name of *triplephasia*, considering it as an infection of the ganglion of the great sympathetic nerve. A writer in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* says, on this subject, "That the vital energy of the nerves distributed to the respiratory, the circulatory, and the secreting organs, is either uncommonly depressed or entirely annihilated, is shown by the uniform and characteristic symptoms constituting the malady." The state of the respiration, the coldness of the expired air, the retraction of the epigastrium, and oppression on the chest, indicate that the collapse and congestion of lungs presented by them soon after death, has actually commenced during life. The diminished action and constant pain of the heart shows an imperfect action of this organ, which is no longer supplied with healthy blood; and this suspension of power is accompanied by a total cessation of all circulating and secreting actions. The organic class of nerves, which forms a sphere of intimate union with each of its parts, supplies the lungs, the heart, and the blood-vessels, and all the digestive, assimilating, and secreting viscera; and when powerfully impressed, in any one part, experiences a co-ordinate effect throughout the whole. Hence the sudden stoppage of all the natural secretions; the almost total cessation of circulation; the loss of power in the stomach and intestines; the congestions of the large vessels and the lungs; the sympathetic effects on the brain; and the loss of all voluntary power. The evacuations, and more especially the cramps and convulsions, which are sometimes so powerful as to leave the patient, who died during an access, rolled up like a ball, are efforts of nature to expel what is injurious, and to rally what is sinking, and are connected with this sudden diminution of the vital powers and the congestions of the nervous centres.

The symptoms will now be easily understood. They are—*In the head:* a sense of weight, sometimes, aching, in the frontal regions. The senses are mostly retained to the last. *In the lungs:* respiration is difficult and laborious, embarrassed with sighs; inspiration interrupted; voice almost lost; countenance full of consternation. *Heart and vascular system:* oppression and pain in the region of the heart; the action of the heart and arteries diminished; no pulse at the wrist or temples; surface of the body and extremities cold; mouth dry. *Stomach:* sensation of great, oftentimes of violent, pain at the epigastrium—(French authors always express it as an atrocious pain!); frequent vomitings. *Intestines and assimila-*

*ting organs:* the abdomen swells; there is a constant desire to go to stool; pain on pressure; soon a violent ejection of matters, first of all green, then black, but often varying in colour; deposition of a clay-like substance, with a white slimy fluid, which is found to line the coats of the intestines; no bile. The patient sometimes perishes before any re-action commences; often before all the symptoms are developed, which also undergo some slight variations in particular idiosyncrasies. Re-action shews itself by pricking of the fingers and hands, extending to the wrist and fore-arm, to the legs and thighs, and to the lower part of the abdomen and thorax. Intestinal heat; hiccup; cramps of the arms and legs, and of the whole body; spasms of the stomach and intestines. It is naturally to be supposed, that in a violent pestilential disease of this kind, every function and every organ is more or less sympathetically affected; thus the eyes are sunk and glossy. (Dr. Smith says he could perceive a ring round them previous to the attacks.) Hemorrhages sometimes supervene at the nose; hearing is indistinct; the tinge of the skin is purplish, and the nails are coloured; the lips are livid; the eye cannot weep; all the glandular system appears affected; no urine is secreted or discharged during the disease. There is trembling of the hands, and total prostration of strength. The examination of bodies which have died of this disease exhibits the appearances which might be expected under these circumstances: congestion of blood in the vital organs, the lungs, the heart, the liver; ulceration of the coats, and spots in the stomach and intestines; bile in the gall-bladder; serous fluids in the ventricles of the brain. The intestines and stomach have also exhibited appearances of acute inflammation.

In the treatment of this disease, ignorant as we are of its real nature, we must not only obviate symptoms, but anticipate them, from our knowledge of the course which they run in the generality of cases. On the first attack, bleeding will relieve congestion, will give the organs increased facility for re-action, and will probably diminish the violence of that re-action; but in a short time it may be very hurtful. The period when it is too late to bleed will be marked by the loss of temperature of the surface and extremities, which symptoms must be combated by friction. Camphorated spirits of wine increase the cold by their rapid evaporation; dry frictions with hot flannels will be found to answer the purpose better. Vapour-baths, if at hand; sinapisms of linseed-meal and mustard, equal parts, to the feet, abdomen, and stomach; blisters have been used between the shoulders—they should be tried, or the moxa (which has been applied in Russia to the *scroliculus cordis*) over the ganglion of the great sympathetic; artificial heat. In the internal treatment, the inspiration of oxygen must be immediately resorted to, to restore the lungs to their functions. Nitrous oxide may likewise be used. The body may also be restored by hot wine and spices, or other gentle stimulants. If the first symptoms are accompanied with pain, laudanum or extract of lettuce may be exhibited in moderate quantities, but in doses of rapid succession: when the spasms come on, equal parts of laudanum and sulphuric ether, or opium and camphor. Essential oils may be exhibited, more especially cajeput. Calomel in large doses was included in the treatment in India; it should not be disregarded here. The magisterial bismuth has also been found of decided utility. If the spasms continue, and the ejections are violent, trust to large doses of ether,

or other diffusible stimuli, as phosphorus dissolved in oil. Use injections of the liquor ammoniac and starch; and apply externally hot fomentations of poppy-heads and hyoscyamus leaves add to each and

With regard to the predisposing and exciting causes of the disease, they are also involved in much obscurity.

It has been said, and with much apparent plausibility, that the weak are more liable to the disease than the robust; but the very opposite statement has also been made, and it certainly appears that females are not more liable, and, in general, not so much so as men. Indeed, the constitution of a person, if by that term we mean the resources which he possesses against disease, may affect the chances of his recovery, but not those of his being infected; though there can be little doubt, but that whatever tends directly or indirectly to debilitate or fatigue the body, whatever lowers its vital energy—as excesses of every description, low and unwholesome diet, (Ainslie Whitelaw has published some cases of cholera morbus produced by eating bad rice,)—disposes to the operation of the exciting cause of the malady. On the other hand, whatever tends to support this energy, and preserve in their due regularity the healthy functions of the frame, serves to render it impregnable to this agent. Those who dread not the attack of infectious disease, and who yet exercise sufficient prudence in avoiding unnecessary exposure, may justly be considered as subject to fewest risks; but experience has shown that no moral courage can avert its painful attacks. Difference of rank does not appear to affect its propagation, nor local habitations to avert its progress. In Teheran it penetrated the palace—it entered the haram at Shiraz—and it has ravaged the serail of Cairo.

The affluent will be less exposed, because able to take more preventive means against infection: among these may be mentioned ablutions with the chloride of lime and the chlorure of the oxide of sodium; the mouth may also be washed with the same lotion; water impregnated with chlorine may be allowed to evaporate in the rooms. During the prevalence of cholera the use of Epsom salts should be specially avoided. In prescribing rules of diet, previous habits should always be taken into consideration. The man who has for years been accustomed to luxurious living and a moderate allowance of wine, will certainly be less predisposed to cholera in continuing these indulgences, than if he hastily adopted a spare regimen; and the man who has lived abstemiously will have his chance of exemption increased by persevering in his abstemious system. Every extreme, however, habitual or occasional, ought to be guarded against.

#### DRAMA. DRURY LANE.

**THE Love Charm** on Thursday, by Planché, and Auber's music adapted by Bishop, afforded a great treat to a full audience at this theatre. Mr. and Mrs. Wood, H. Phillips, Mr. Seguin, and Miss Field, sustained the principal characters delightfully. The music is generally fine; some of it very characteristic and beautiful. We have no time now for details: the opera was perfectly successful.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

On Saturday a new drama, in two acts, called *the Army of the North*, or *the Spaniard's Secret*, was performed for the first time. It



is, as we intimated last week, from the pen of Mr. Planché; but it is by no means equal to the *Brigand*, or *Charles the Twelfth*, or, indeed, to any of his former productions. To enter into a detail of the plot is unnecessary: the principal weight of the drama lies upon Miss Taylor, who acts the character of a French spy, and whose purposes are alternately swayed by the duty she owes to her employers, and the affection she has conceived for a Spanish aide-de-camp. From this conflict there arises, as may be supposed, a certain degree of interest, and the lady, we must acknowledge, does full justice to the author; but the incidents are few in number, and contain nothing either very novel or very striking. Keeley has a little part, (a cowardly consul,) which he makes very prominent; and Power, as an Irish colonel in the French service, fills up a trifling sketch with his usual talent. The scenery is good, and the performance was received without opposition.

On the same evening Mr. S. Bennett made his second appearance in *Simpson and Co.*; but we regret that we cannot confirm the favourable report we had heard respecting him. In *Simpson*, at all events, he does not appear to advantage. It is a part that requires to be acted as it is written—neatly and pointedly—and not with the long pauses and occasional grimaces which Mr. Bennett thinks necessary to exhibit. In low comedy he may probably be more at home; but, in truth, he is an unworthy representative of the head of the firm of *Simpson and Co.* Mr. Mason acted *Bromley*, but by no means well: he seems to be an industrious and sensible young man; comedy, however, is clearly not his forte; and with Abbott and Wrench in the theatre, there is no occasion for his appearing in such characters. Miss Taylor was good in *Mrs. Bromley*, and Miss Lee respectable in *Mrs. Fitz-Allen*; but the only sterling piece of acting in the whole comedy was the *Mrs. Simpson* of Miss E. Tree. This was really excellent; and if comedies are ever to come into fashion again, we earnestly recommend to the managers to make more use of, and fairly to encourage, the constantly improving talent of this lovely and engaging actress.

On Thursday, *Fra Diavolo* gave us the welcome debut of Braham, supported by Wilson, Penson, Morley, Staubsberg, Reynoldson, Miss Cawse, and Miss Romer. The whole beautiful music of Auber, executed in the best style, must render this opera one of the most popular on the stage; and we only regret that our hurry on a Friday prevents us from dwelling on the superb singing and excellent acting of Braham, the "linked sweetnesses" of Wilson and Romer, the combined dramatic and musical talent displayed by Miss Cawse, the buff humour of Penson, and, in short, the ability and exertion of the whole corps.

#### VARIETIES.

**Play-bills.**—The warning in the regular play-bills printed by the printers for the theatres is by no means unnecessary: we saw one of the unauthorised bills at Covent Garden on Saturday, in which nearly as many particulars were wrong as right: thus, in *Simpson and Co.*, Mrs. Simpson was stated to be by Mrs. Gibbs, and Mrs. Bromley by Miss E. Tree; whereas, in fact, the former was played (and admirably played) by Miss E. Tree, and the latter by Miss Taylor. Such forged bills mislead strangers.

*Hood's Comic Annual* is this year dedicated to the King, and is announced, as usual, in a

whimsical style: "The public in general, and the lively of London in particular, are respectfully informed, that in spite of Sir Peter Laurie, the *Comic Annual*, like the lord mayor, intends to come forward, for 'one cheer more.' It will appear in the same month with the new chief magistrate; and the usual quantity of prose and verse, with a new service of plates, are in active preparation for the occasion. Having twice served its office before, there is little necessity for any declaration of its unpolitical principles; but its studious aim being to be 'open to all parties,' it pledges itself to attend impartially, (for twelve shillings,) to any requisition that may be addressed to Mr. Tilt, 86, Fleet Street; modestly suggesting, that in compliance with the decided spirit of the times, the purchaser should inquire for the *Comic Annual*—the whole *Comic Annual*—and nothing but the *Comic Annual*."

**The Garrick Club.**—This club is proceeding with its formation, under a committee of twenty-four noblemen and gentlemen, appointed at the general meeting; among whom the Earl of Mulgrave, Lord Kinnaird, Lord E. Thynne, Sir George Warrender, and other distinguished individuals, take a very active part. They have bought Probert's Hotel, in King Street, Covent Garden; very spacious premises, which, with a few necessary alterations, will speedily be ready for the reception of the Club. The eligible situation of this house, in the vicinity of the theatres, is a great advantage to an institution which contemplates their patronage and improvement. We are happy to add, that the number of original members is being rapidly filled up, and that the subscriptions (so essential to the outfit of such a concern) are paid in as fast as could be anticipated while so many members are out of town.

**Chevalier Neukomm.**—We observe, in the *Harmonicon*, that this gentleman, with whose musical compositions we have expressed ourselves so greatly delighted, and whose productions at the late Derby Festival obtained so much celebrity, in the most liberal manner presented the copyright of his fine oratorio of Mount Sinai to the Derby Infirmary. So charitable and generous an act ought not to be passed without public acknowledgment, and we gladly record it. The critic in the *Harmonicon* speaks in almost rapturous terms of the oratorio; so that its publication is likely to be a source of very considerable benefit to the poor and suffering to whom it has been given.

**By Permission.**—The following pun, by a noble lord, is inserted by permission. His lordship on being told that Exeter Theatre was burnt, exclaimed, "Enter a fire; *Exit* a Theatre."

In reply to a friend, who observed, "Surely, W—, you don't take snuff?"  
Take snuff, my dear B—! Ay, and smoke cigars too: Did you ever know a coxcomb that didn't? Don't you?

#### To the Same.

George says, with looks of high disdain,  
That wit is borrow'd. Ah! 'tis true;  
But why should you, dear George, complain?  
None ever borrow'd wit from you.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XLIV. Nov. 5.]

Messrs. Colburn and Bentley announce a French edition of *Paris, ou le Livre des Cent-et-un*, of which the first volume has just appeared at Paris. The work is to contain a series of Tales, Sketches, and Essays, by a Hundred and One celebrated French living writers.

A Compendious History of the Council of Trent, by the Rev. B. W. Matthias, A.M., Chaplain of Bethesda. A new edition of the Rudiments of the Latin Tongue, with Notes, &c. by Thomas Rudinman, M.A.; with Additions by John Hall.

Letters from France, Savoy, Italy, Germany, Denmark, &c. by George Downes, A.M.

A new and improved edition of Mr. Campbell's Poetical Works, with the addition of all his latest Poems, is about to appear.

A Latin Grammar, by the Rev. Thomas Flynn, A.M., author of "a Greek Grammar."

A French edition of the *Memoirs of the Duchesse of Abrantes*; and also an English translation.

A new edition of the late Dean Graves's *Lectures on the Four last Books of the Pentateuch*.

The Rev. Mr. Stewart's Narrative of his Visit to the South Seas in the United States Ship Vincennes, in 1829 and 1830.

A new edition, corrected, of *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*; with Etchings by Brooke.

An eminent Physician announces for immediate publication a little volume, to be entitled the *Catechism of Health*; or, Plain and Simple Rules for its Preservation; with Observations on the Nature, Treatment, and Cure of Cholera.

We have tried hard to reduce one of the prose tales of the *Keepsake* within the limits of a quotation, without spoiling it by abridgment; but have not been able to satisfy ourselves. We must therefore defer, if not altogether abandon, the task; neither of which we can do, without again bestowing our strong commendation upon these parts, as well as upon the volume generally.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

*Keepsake for 1839*, 8vo. 21s. silk; large paper, 2l. 12s. 6d. silk.—Bishop Malby's Sermons, 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.—Hon. John Byron's Narrative of his Expedition round the World, 18mo. 1s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Affection's Gift for 1839, 3s. silk; or 5s. morocco.—Morgan's Housekeeper's Account-Book, 12s. 6d. sewed.—Davenport's Dictionary of Biography, 12mo. 12s. cloth; 16s. morocco.—Encyclopedia Metropolitana, 4th division, Vol. VII. 4to. 2s. 8d.—Ackermann's Forget Me Not for 1833, 12s. silk.—The Family Topographer, Vol. I. 12mo. 5s. cloth.—The Geographical Annual for 1832, 12mo. plain, 18s. cloth; 20s. 6d. morocco; coloured, 21s. cloth; 25s. 6d. morocco.—Encyclopædia, Dictionary of the Extinct, Domestic, and Suspended Peppercorns of England, crown 8vo. 12. 1s. cloth.—Somerville's Mechanism of the Heavens, 8vo. 12. 10s. 6d.—Hansard's Debates, 3d series, Vol. IV. Session 1831, Vol. I. royal 8vo. 12. 10s. 6d.; 12. 13s. 6d. hf.-bd.—The Affluence One, by the Author of "Gertrude," Vol. 8vo. 12. 11s. 6d.—The Souquet for 1839, 10s. 6d. silk.—Familiar Compendium of the Law of Husband and Wife, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Laura Gunningham, 18mo. 3s. 6d. boards.—Warren's Annual Farmer's Account-Book, folio, 2s. hf.-bd. cloth.—Four Dialogues of Plato, with English Notes, crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. boards.—Ordo Verborum to First and Third Books of Colossus, arranged by Dr. Collier, 32mo. 3s. 6d.—Fisher on the Small-Pox, &c. royal 4to. 2l. 2s. 6d.—Alice Paulet, by the Author of "Sydenham," 3 vols. 8vo. 12. 11s. 6d. boards.—Lightfoot's Chart of History and Chronology, folio, 3l. 3s. hf.-bd.—Maugham's Manual of Medical Chemistry, 18mo. 10s. cloth.—Broadley's Defence of the Christian Religion, 18mo. 4s. cloth.—Brady's Law of Debtor and Creditor, 12mo. 6s. 6d.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 20	From 42 to 65.	29.86 to 29.89
Friday... 21	— 35. — 65.	29.85 to 29.88
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Tuesday... 25	— 42. — 59.	29.98 to 29.95
Wednesday 26	— 46. — 57.	29.94 to 29.48

Prevaling wind, S.W.  
Generally cloudy, with frequent rain.  
Rain fallen, .675 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.  
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.  
Longitude..... 0° 31' W. of Greenwich.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

42 We have this day given a *prima* of the CHOLERA!—we trust, though condensed, one of the most clear and useful views yet presented to the public on this most important subject. A map of its progress, from its origin to the present hour, was intended to accompany this paper; but we are compelled to delay it till next week, when we shall enable our readers to trace the disease through all its routes, climates, and dates. As we are neither alarmists, drug-sellers, nor theorists, and entertain only one wish, that of furnishing the best information possible to our country, we beg earnestly to recommend this account to general attention.

The plague in Egypt is not the Cholera: we shall also turn to this in our next.

Original Poetry, Musical Review, Reports of several Scientific Societies, &c. are necessarily postponed, in consequence of the article on Cholera occupying so much space.

Mr. T. has wanted a good halfpenny worth of paper by writing verses; it is a loss.

G. H.'s suggestion has often been offered to us, and frequently answered, that the practice would subject the *Gazette* to a heavy stamp duty, amounting to perhaps 500*l.* a-year; and the information is always to be found in our list of new publications.

*Esau's*.—For *Lausdæmon*, p. 700, col. 1, line 8 from bottom, read *Picturesque*.—Page 701, col. 2, line 30-9, "horresco reference," the last word, not being Latin, ought to have been italic.

## ADVERTISEMENT,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

## TO ARTISTS, ARCHITECTS, and DRAFTSMEN.

The utmost attention has been given to the Manufacture of Drawing Pencils in Cedar by S. Mordan and Co., who pledge themselves to supply nothing but pure Cumberland Lead; thereby removing those objections and annoyances so frequently complained of in Drawing Pencils. All who wish to be satisfied as to the genuineness of these Pencils, may see them manufactured at No. 32, Castle Street, Plymouth, which establishment now has the honour, exclusively, to supply all the Government Offices. Sold retail by all respectable Stationers, &c. throughout the United Kingdom. S. Mordan and Co.'s name is on each Pencil.

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